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BALLADS

AND

LYRICAL PIECES.

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BY

WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

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FOURTH EDITION.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

These Ballads have been already published in different collections, some in the MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER, *others in the* TALES OF WONDER, *and some in both these Miscellanies. They are now first collected into one Volume. The Songs have been written at different times for the Musical Collections of* MR GEORGE THOMSON *and* MR WHYTE.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
Glenfinlas, or Lord Ronald's Coronach,	1
The Eve of Saint John,	21
Cadyow Castle,	39
The Grey Brother,	61
Thomas the Rhymer, Part I.	73
——————Part II.	93
——————Part III.	120
The Fire King,	134
Frederick and Alice,	143
The Wild Huntsmen,	148
The Erl-King,	162
War Song	167
The Norman Horse-Shoe,	173
The Dying Bard,	176
The Maid of Toro,	178
Helvellyn,	180

GLENFINLAS

OR

LORD RONALD'S CORONACH.*

The tradition upon which the following stanzas are founded, runs thus:—While two Highland hunters were passing the night in a solitary *bothy*, (a hut built for the purpose of hunting,) and drinking freely over their venison and whisky, one of them expressed a wish, that they had pretty lasses to complete their party. The words were scarcely uttered, when two beautiful young women, habited in green, entered the hut, dancing and singing. One of the hunters was seduced by the syren, who attached herself particularly to him, to leave the hut: the other remained, and, suspicious of the fair seducers, con-

* *Coronach* is the lamentation by a deceased warrior, sung by the aged of the clan.

tuned to play upon a trump, or Jew's harp, some strain consecrated to the Virgin Mary. Day at length came, and the temptress vanished. Searching in the forest, he found the bones of his unfortunate friend, who had been torn to pieces and devoured by the fiend, into whose toils he had fallen. The place was from thence called the Glen of the Green Woman.

Glenfinlas is a tract of forest ground, lying in the Highlands of Perthshire, not far from Callander, in Menteith. It was formerly a royal forest, and now belongs to the Earl of Moray. This country, as well as the adjacent district of Braidalbin, was, in times of yore, chiefly inhabited by the Macgregors. To the west of the forest of Glenfinlas lies Loch Katrine, and its romantic avenue, called the Trossachs. Benledi, Benvorlich, and Benvoirlich, are mountains in the same district, and at no great distance from Glenfinlas. The river Forth passes Callander, and the castle of Doune, and joins the Forth near Stirling. The pass of Leney is immediately above Callander, and is the principal access to the Highlands from that town. Glenartney is a forest, near Benvoirlich. The whole forms a sublime tract of Alpine scenery.

GLENFINLAS;

OR

LORD RONALD'S CORONACH.

O, sprung from great Macgillmoore,
The chief that never feared a foe,
How matchless was thy broad claymore,
How deadly thine unerring bow!

Well can the Saxon widows tell,
How, on the Teith's resounding shore,
The boldest Lowland warriors fell,
As down from Lenny's pass you bore.

But o'er his hills, on festal day,
How blazed Lord Ronald's Beltane tree,
While youths and maids the light strathspey
So nimbly figured to the Highland glee!

Cluny! by the struggle of Ronald's fall,
Thy woes are more than woman's throe;
But how the loud lament and wild shout
Of grief and fury rung around,
When, from their winding-sheet of snow,
On Bochastle the mortal relics low'd!

From distant climes o'er widening seas
Thy race shall Ronald's fate deplore;
And chiefs who view the dark profound
Where Vennachar's broad waters sleep,
Thy tragic doom shall call to mind,
And bid the world compassionate.

Tweed Moy; whom in Columba's isle
The seer's prophetic spirit found,
As with a minstrel's fire the while,
He waked his harp's harmonious sound.

Full many a spell to him was known,
Which wandering spirits shrink to hear;
And many a lay of potent tone,
Was never meant for mortal ear.

For there, 'tis said, in mystic mood,
High converse with the dead they hold,
And oft espy the fated shroud,
That shall the future corpse enfold.

Once fell, that on a day,
To rouse the red deer from their den,
The chiefs have ta'en their distant way,
And scour'd the deep Glenfinlas' glen.

No vassals wait their sports to aid,
To watch their safety, deck their board;
Their simple dress, the Highland plaid,
Their trusty guard, the Highland sword.

Three summer days, through brake and dell,
Their whistling shafts successful flew;
And still, when dewy evening fell,
The quarry to their hut they drew.

In grey Glenfinlas' deepest nook
The solitary cabin stood,
Fast by Moneira's sullen brook,
Which murmurs through that lonely wood.

Soft fell the night, the sky was calm,
When three successive days had flown;
And summer mist in dewy balm
Steep'd heathy bank, and mossy stone.

The moon, half-hid in silvery flakes,
Afar her dubious radiance shed,
Quivering on Katrine's distant lakes,
And resting on Benledi's head.

Now in their hut, in social guise,
Their sylvan fare the chiefs enjoy;
And pleasure laughs in Ronald's eyes,
As many a pledge he quaffs to Moy.

—" What lack we here to crown our bliss,
" While thus the pulse of joy beats high?
" What, but fair woman's yielding kiss,
" Her panting breath, and melting eye?

" To chase the deer of yonder shades,
" This morning left their father's pile
" The fairest of our mountain maids,
" The daughters of the proud Glengyle.

" Long have I sought sweet Mary's heart,
" And dropp'd the tear, and heav'd the sigh;
" But vain the lover's wily art,
" Beneath a sister's watchful eye.

" But thou may'st teach that guardian fair,
" While far with Mary I am flown,
" Of other hearts to cease her care,
" And find it hard to guard her own.

" Touch but thy harp, thou soon shalt see
" The lovely Flora of Glengyle,
" Unmindful of her charge and me,
" Hang on thy notes, 'twixt tear and smile.

" Or, if she chuse a melting tale,
" All underneath the greenwood bough,
" Will good St Oran's rule prevail,
" Stern huntsman of the rigid brow?"—

—" Since Enrick's fight, since Morna's death,
" No more on me shall rapture rise,
" Responsive to the panting breath,
" Or yielding kiss, or melting eyes.

" E'en then, when o'er the heath of woe,
" Where sunk my hopes of love and fame,
" I bade my harp's wild wailings flow,
" On me the Seer's sad spirit came.

" The last dread curse of angry heaven,
" With ghastly sights and sounds of woe,
" To dash each glimpse of joy, was given—
" The gift, the future ill to know.

" The bark thou saw'st, yon summer morn,
" So gaily part from Oban's bay,
" My eye beheld her dash'd and torn,
" Far on the rocky Colonsay.

" Thy Fergus too—thy sister's son,
" Thou saw'st, with pride, the gallant's power,
" As marching 'gainst the Lord of Downe,
" He left the skirts of huge Benmore.

" Thou only saw'st their tartans* wave,
" As down Benvoirlich's side they wound,
" Heard'st but the pibroch,† answering brave
" To many a target clanking round.

" I heard the groans, I mark'd the tears,
" I saw the wound his bosom bore,
" When on the serried Saxon spears
" He pour'd his clan's resistless roar.

" And thou, who bidst me think of bliss,
" And bidst my heart awake to glee,
" And court, like thee, the wanton kiss—
" That heart, O Ronald, bleeds for thee!

* *Tartans*—The full Highland dress, made of the chequered stuff so termed.

† *Pibroch*—A piece of martial music, adapted to the Highland bag-pipe.

" I see the death damps chill thy brow;
" I hear thy warning spirit cry;
" The corpse-lights dance—they're gone, and now.....
" No more is given to gifted eye!"—

——" Alone enjoy thy dreary dreams,
" Sad prophet of the evil hour!
" Say, should we scorn joy's transient beams,
" Because to-morrow's storm may lour?

" Or false, or sooth, thy words of woe,
" Clangillian's chieftain ne'er shall fear;
" His blood shall bound at rapture's glow,
" Though doom'd to stain the Saxon spear.

" E'en now, to meet me in yon dell,
" My Mary's buskins brush the dew;"—
He spoke, nor bade the chief farewell,
But call'd his dogs, and gay withdrew.

Within an hour return'd each hound;
In rush'd the rouzers of the deer;
They howl'd in melancholy sound,
Then closely couch beside the Seer.

No Ronald yet; though midnight came,
And sad were Moy's prophetic dreams,
As, bending o'er the dying flame,
He fed the watch-fire's quivering gleams.

Sudden the hounds erect their ears,
And sudden cease their moaning howl;
Close press'd to Moy, they mark their fears
By shivering limbs, and stifled growl.

Untouch'd, the harp began to ring,
As softly, slowly, oped the door;
And shook responsive every string,
As light a footstep press'd the floor.

And, by the watch-fire's glimmering light,
Close by the Minstrel's side was seen
An huntress maid, in beauty bright,
All dropping wet her robes of green.

All dropping wet her garments seem;
Chill'd was her cheek, her bosom bare,
As, bending o'er the dying gleam,
She wrung the moisture from her hair.

With maiden blush she softly said,
" O gentle huntsman, hast thou seen,
" In deep Glenfinlas' moon-light glade,
" A lovely maid in vest of green:

" With her a chief in Highland pride;
" His shoulders bear the hunter's bow,
" The mountain dirk adorns his side,
" Far on the wind his tartans flow?"—

" And who art thou? and who are they?"
All ghastly gazing, Moy replied:
" And why, beneath the moon's pale ray,
" Dare ye thus roam Glenfinlas' side?"—

" Where wild Loch Katrine pours her tide,
" Blue, dark, and deep, round many an isle,
" Our father's towers o'erhang her side,
" The castle of the bold Glengyle.

" To chase the dun Glenfinlas' deer,
" Our woodland course this morn we bore,
" And haply met, while wandering here,
" The son of great Maegillianore.

" O aid me, then, to seek the pair,
" Whom, loitering in the woods, I lost;
" Alone, I dare not venture there,
" Where walks, they say, the shrieking ghost."—

" Yes, many a shrieking ghost walks there;
" Then, first, my own sad vow to keep,
" Here will I pour my midnight prayer,
" Which still must rise when mortals sleep."—

" O first, for pity's gentle sake,
" Guide a lone wanderer on her way!
" For I must cross the haunted brake,
" And reach my father's towers ere day."—

" First, three times tell each Ave-bead,
" And thrice a Pater-noster say;
" Then kiss with me the holy reed;
" So shall we safely wind our way."—

" O shame to knighthood, strange and foul!
" Go, doff the bonnet from thy brow,
" And shroud thee in the monkish cowl,
" Which best befits thy sullen vow.

" Not so, by high Dunlathmon's fire,
" Thy heart was froze to love and joy,
" When gaily rung thy raptured lyre,
" To wanton Morna's melting eye."—

Wild stared the Minstrel's eyes of flame,
And high his sable locks arose,
And quick his colour went and came,
As fear and rage alternate rose.

" And thou! when by the blazing oak
" I lay, to her and love resign'd,
" Say, rode ye on the eddying smoke,
" Or sailed ye on the midnight wind?

" Not thine a race of mortal blood,
" Nor old Glengyle's pretended line;
" Thy dame, the Lady of the Flood,
" Thy sire, the Monarch of the Mine."—

He mutter'd thrice St Oran's rhyme,
And thrice St Fillan's powerful prayer;
Then turn'd him to the eastern clime,
And sternly shook his coal-black hair.

And, bending ò'er his harp, he flung
His wildest witch-notes on the wind;
And loud, and high, and strange, they rung,
As many a magic change they find.

Tall wax'd the Spirit's altering form,
Till to the roof her stature grew;
Then, mingling with the rising storm,
With one wild yell, away she flew.

Rain beats, hail rattles, whirlwinds tear:
The slender hut in fragments flew;
But not a lock of Moy's loose hair
Was waved by wind, or wet by dew.

Wild mingling with the howling gale,
Loud bursts of ghastly laughter rise;
High o'er the minstrel's head they sail,
And die amid the northern skies.

The voice of thunder shook the wood,
As ceased the more than mortal yell;
And, spattering foul, a shower of blood
Upon the hissing firebrands fell.

Next, dropp'd from high a mangled arm;
The fingers strain'd an half-drawn blade:
And last, the life-blood streaming warm,
Torn from the trunk, a gasping head.

Oft o'er that head, in battling field,
Stream'd the proud crest of high Benmore;
That arm the broad claymore could wield,
Which dyed the Teith with Saxon gore.

Woe to Moneira's sullen rills!
Woe to Glenfinlas' dreary glen!
There never son of Albin's hills
Shall draw the hunter's shaft agen!

E'en the tired pilgrim's burning feet
At noon shall shun that sheltering den,
Lest, journeying in their rage, he meet
The wayward Ladies of the Glen.

And we—behind the chieftain's shield,
No more shall we in safety dwell;
None leads the people to the field—
And we the loud lament must swell.

O hone a rie'! O hone a rie'!
The pride of Albin's line is o'er,
And fallen Glenartney's stateliest tree;
We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more!

NOTES

ON

GLENFINLAS.

Well can the Saxon widows tell.—P. 4. v. 2.

The term Sassenach, or Saxon, is applied by the Highlanders to their low-country neighbours.

How blazed Lord Ronald's beltane-tree.—P. 4. v. 3.

The fires lighted by the Highlanders on the first of May, in compliance with a custom derived from the Pagan times, are termed *The Beltane-Tree*. It is a festival celebrated with various superstitious rites, both in the north of Scotland and in Wales.

The seer's prophetic spirit found, &c.—P. 5. v. 1.

I can only describe the second sight, by adopting Dr Johnson's definition, who calls it "An impression, either by the mind "upon the eye, or by the eye upon the mind, by which things "distant and future are perceived and seen as if they were pre-"sent." To which I would only add, that the spectral appearances, thus presented, usually presage misfortune; that the faculty is painful to those who suppose they possess it; and that they usually acquire it, while themselves under the pressure of melancholy.

Will good St Oran's rule prevail.—P. 8. v. 1.

St Oran was a friend and follower of St Columba, and was buried in Icolmkill. His pretensions to be a saint were rather dubious. According to the legend, he consented to be buried alive, in order to propitiate certain daemons of the soil, who obstructed the attempts of Columba to build a chapel. Columba caused the body of his friend to be dug up, after three days had elapsed; when Oran, to the horror and scandal of the assistants, declared, that there was neither a God, a judgment, nor a future state! He had no time to make further discoveries, for Columba caused the earth once more to be shovelled over him with the utmost dispatch. The chapel, however, and the cemetery, was called *Reilig Oran*; and, in memory of his rigid celibacy, no female was permitted to pay her devotions, or be buried, in that place. This is the rule alluded to in the poem.

And thrice St Fillan's powerful prayer.—P. 14. v. 5.

St Fillan has given his name to many chapels, holy fountains, &c. in Scotland. He was, according to Camerarius, an abbot of Pittenweem, in Fife; from which situation he retired, and died a hermit in the wilds of Glenurchy, A. D. 649. While engaged in transcribing the Scriptures, his left hand was observed to send forth such a splendour, as to afford light to that with which he wrote; a miracle which saved many candles to the convent, as St Fillan used to spend whole nights in that exercise. The 9th of January was dedicated to this saint, who gave his name to Kilfillan, in Renfrew, and St Phillans, or Forgend, in Fife. Lesley, lib. 7., tells us, that Robert the Bruce was possessed of Fillan's miraculous and luminous arm, which he inclosed in a silver shrine, and had it carried at the head of his army. Previous to the battle of Bannockburn, the king's chaplain, a man of little faith, abstracted the relique, and deposited it in some place of security, lest it should fall into the hands of the English. But, lo! while Robert was addressing his prayers to the empty casket, it was observed to open and shut

suddenly; and, on inspection, the saint was found to have himself deposited his arm in the shrine, as an assurance of victory. Such is the tale of Lesley. But though Bruce little needed that the arm of St Fillan should assist his own, he dedicated to him, in gratitude, a priory at Killin, upon Loch Tay.

In the Scots Magazine for July 1802, there is a copy of a very curious crown grant, dated 11th July, 1487, by which James III. confirms to Malice Doire, an inhabitant of Strathfillan, in Perthshire, the peaceable exercise and enjoyment of a relique of St Fillan, called the Quegrich, which he and his predecessors are said to have possessed since the days of Robert Bruce. As the Quegrich was used to cure diseases, this document is, probably, the most ancient patent ever granted for a quack medicine. The ingenious correspondent, by whom it is furnished, further observes, that additional particulars, concerning St Fillan, are to be found in *Ballenden's Boece*, Book 4. folio cexiii., and in PENNANT'S *Tour in Scotland*, 1772, pp. 11. 15.

THE

EVE OF ST JOHN.

Smaylho'me, or Smallholm Tower, the scene of the following ballad, is situated on the northern boundary of Roxburghshire, among a cluster of wild rocks, called Sandiknow-Crags, the property of Hugh Scott, Esq. of Harden. The tower is a high square building, surrounded by an outer wall, now ruinous. The circuit of the outer court, being defended, on three sides, by a precipice and morass, is accessible only from the west, by a steep and rocky path. The apartments, as is usual in a border-keep, or fortress, are placed one above another, and communicate by a narrow stair; on the roof are two bartizans, or platforms, for defence or pleasure. The inner door of the tower is wood, the outer an iron grate; the distance between them being nine feet, the thickness,

namely, of the wall. From the elevated situation of Smaylho'me Tower, it is seen many miles in every direction. Among the crags, by which it is surrounded, one, more eminent, is called the *Watchfold*, and is said to have been the station of a beacon, in the times of war with England. Without the tower-court is a ruined chapel. Brotherstone is a heath, in the neighbourhood of Smaylho'me Tower.

This ancient fortress and its vicinity formed the scene of the author's infancy, and seemed to claim from him this attempt to celebrate them in a Border tale. The catastrophe of the tale is founded upon a well-known Irish tradition.

THE

EVE OF SAINT JOHN.

The Baron of Smaylho'me rose with day,
He spurred his courser on,
Without stop or stay, down the rocky way,
That leads to Brotherstone.

He went not with the bold Buccleuch,
His banner broad to rear;
He went not 'gainst the English yew,
To lift the Scottish spear.

Yet his plate-jack * was braced, and his helmet was laced,
And his vaunt-brace of proof he wore;
At his saddle-gerthe was a good steel sperthe,
Full ten pound weight and more.

* The plate-jack is coat armour; the vaunt-brace, or wam-brace, armour for the body; the sperthe, a battle-axe.

The Baron returned in three days space,
And his looks were sad and sour;
And weary was his courser's pace,
As he reached his rocky tower.

He came not from where Ancram Moor*
Ran red with English blood;
Where the Douglas true, and the bold Buccleuch,
'Gainst keen Lord Evers stood.

Yet was his helmet hacked and hewed,
His acton pierced and tore;
His axe and his dagger with blood embrued,
But it was not English gore.

He lighted at the Chapellage,
He held him close and still;
And he whistled thrice for his little foot-page,
His name was English Will.

"Come thou hither, my little foot-page;
"Come hither to my knee;
"Though thou art young, and tender of age,
"I think thou art true to me.

* See an account of the battle of Ancram Moor, subjoined to the ballad.

Come, tell me all that thou hast seen,
" And look thou tell me true!
" Since I from Smaylho'me tower have been,
" What did thy lady do?"—

" My lady, each night, sought the lonely light,
" That burns on the wild Watchfold;
" For, from height to height, the beacons bright
" Of the English foemen told.

" The bittern clamoured from the moss,
" The wind blew loud and shrill;
" Yet the craggy pathway she did cross,
" To the eiry beacon hill.

" I watched her steps, and silent came
" Where she sat her on a stone;
" No watchman stood by the dreary flame;
" It burned all alone.

" The second night I kept her in sight,
" Till to the fire she came,
" And, by Mary's might! an armed knight
" Stood by the lonely flame.

" And many a word that warlike lord
" Did speak to my lady there;
" But the rain fell fast, and loud blew the blast,
" And I heard not what they were.

" The third night there the sky was fair,
" And the mountain blast was still,
" As again I watched the secret pair,
" On the lonesome beacon hill.

' And I heard her name the midnight hour,
" And name this holy eve;
" And say, ' Come this night to thy lady's bower;
' Ask no bold Baron's leave.

' He lifts his spear with the bold Buccleuch;
' His lady is all alone;
' The door she'll undo to her knight so true,
' On the eve of good Saint John.'

' I cannot come; I must not come;
' I dare not come to thee;
' On the eve of Saint John I must wander alone:
' In thy bower I may not be.'

'Now, out on thee, faint-hearted knight!
'Thou should'st not say me nay;
'For the eve is sweet, and, when lovers meet,
'Is worth the whole summer's day.

'And I'll chain the blood-hound, and the warder shall not sound,
'And rushes shall be strewed on the stair;
'So, by the black rood-stone,* and by holy St John,
'I conjure thee, my love, to be there!'

Though the blood-hound be mute, and the rush beneath my foot,
'And the warder his bugle should not blow,
'Yet there sleepeth a priest in the chamber to the east,
'And my foot-step he would know.'

'O fear not the priest, who sleepeth to the east!
'For to Dryburgh† the way he has ta'en;
'And there to say mass, till three days do pass,
'For the soul of a knight that is slayne.'

* The black-rood of Melrose was a crucifix of black marble, and of superior sanctity.

† Dryburgh Abbey is beautifully situated on the banks of the Tweed. After its dissolution, it became the property of the Hallburtons of Newmains, and is now the seat of the right honourable the earl of Buchan. It belonged to the order of Premonstratenses.

" He turned him around, and grimly he frowned;
" Then he laughed right scornfully—
'He who says the mass-rite for the soul of that knight,
'May as well say mass for me.

'At the lone midnight hour, when bad spirits have power,
'In thy chamber will I be.'—
" With that he was gone, and my lady left alone,
" And no more did I see."—

Then changed, I trow, was that bold Baron's brow,
From the dark to the blood-red high;
" Now, tell me the mien of the knight thou hast seen,
" For, by Mary, he shall die!"—

" His arms shone full bright, in the beacon's red light:
" His plume it was scarlet and blue;
" On his shield was a hound, in a silver leash bound,
" And his crest was a branch of the yew."—

"Thou liest, thou liest, thou little foot-page,
"Loud dost thou lie to me!
"For that knight is cold, and low laid in the mould,
"All under the Eildon-tree."—*

"Yet hear but my word, my noble lord!
"For I heard her name his name;
"And that lady bright, she called the knight,
"Sir Richard of Coldinghame."—

The bold baron's brow then changed, I trow,
From high blood-red to pale—
"The grave is deep and dark—and the corpse is still
and stark—
"So I may not trust thy tale.

"Where fair Tweed flows round holy Melrose,
"And Eildon slopes to the plain,
"Full three nights ago, by some secret foe,
"That gay gallant was slain.

* Eildon is a high hill, terminating in three conical summits, immediately above the town of Melrose, where are the admired ruins of a magnificent monastery. Eildon-tree is said to be the spot where Thomas the Rhymer uttered his prophecies.

"The varying light deceived thy sight,
"And the wild winds drown'd the name;
"For the Dryburgh bells ring, and the white monks do sing,
"For Sir Richard of Coldinghame!"—

He passed the court-gate, and he oped the tower grate,
And he mounted the narrow stair,
To the bartizan seat, where, with maids that on her wait,
He found his lady fair.

That lady sat in mournful mood;
Looked over hill and dale;
Over Tweed's fair flood, and Mertoun's * wood,
And all down Tiviotdale.

"Now hail, now hail, thou lady bright!"
"Now hail, thou Baron true!
"What news, what news from Ancram fight?
"What news from the bold Buccleuch?"—

"The Ancram Moor is red with gore,
"For many a southern fell;
"And Buccleuch has charged us, evermore,
"To watch our beacons well."—

* Mertoun is the beautiful seat of Hugh Scott, Esq. of Harden.

The lady blush'd red, but nothing she said;
  Nor added the Baron a word:
Then she stepp'd down the stair to her chamber fair,
  And so did her moody lord.

In sleep the lady mourn'd, and the Baron toss'd and turn'd,
  And [illegible]
" The [illegible] and his bloody grave is
  [illegible]
  " It [illegible]

It was ne[illegible]
  The night [illegible]
When a lady's [illegible]
  On the [illegible] John. "

The lady looked through the chamber fair,
  By the light of a dying flame;
And she was aware of a knight stood there—
  Sir Richard of Coldinghame!

" Alas! away, away!" she cried,
  " For the holy Virgin's sake!"
" Lady, I know who sleeps by thy side;
  " But, lady, he will not awake.

"By Eildon-tree, for long nights three,
"In bloody grave have I lain;
"The mass and the death-prayer are said for me,
"But, lady, they are said in vain.

"By the Baron's brand, near Tweed's fair strand,
"Most foully slain I fell;
"And my restless sprite on the beacon's height,
"For a space is doomed to dwell.

"At our trysting-place,* for a certain space,
"I must wander to and fro;
"But I had not had power to come to thy bower,
"Had'st thou not conjured me so."—

Love mastered fear—her brow she crossed,
"How, Richard, hast thou sped?
"And art thou saved, or art thou lost?"—
The Vision shook his head!

"Who spilleth life, shall forfeit life:
"So bid thy lord believe:
"That lawless love is guilt above,
"This awful sign receive."—

* *Trysting-place*—Place of rendezvous.

He laid his left palm on an oaken beam:
His right upon her hand:
The lady shrunk, and fainting sunk,
For it scorched like a fiery brand.

The sable score, of fingers four,
Remains on that board impressed;
And for evermore that lady wore
A covering on her wrist.

There is a Nun in Dryburgh bower,
Ne'er looks upon the sun:
There is a Monk in Melrose tower,
He speaketh word to none.

That Nun, who ne'er beholds the day,
That Monk, who speaks to none—
That Nun was Smaylho'me's Lady gay,
That Monk the bold Baron.

NOTES

ON

THE EVE OF ST JOHN.

BATTLE OF ANCRAM MOOR.

Lord Evers, and Sir Brian Latoun, during the year 1544, committed the most dreadful ravages upon the Scottish frontiers, compelling most of the inhabitants, and especially the men of Liddesdale, to take assurance under the king of England. Upon the 17th November, in that year, the sum total of their depredations stood thus, in the bloody ledger of Lord Evers.

Towns, towers, barnekynes, parysshe churches, bastil houses, burned and destroyed - -	192
Scots slain - - - - - -	403
Prisoners taken - - - - - -	816
Nolt (cattle) - - - - - -	10,386
Shepe - - - - - - -	12,492
Nags and geldings - - - -	1,296
Gayt - - - - - - -	200
Bolls of corn - - - - - -	850

Insight gear, &c. (furniture) an incalculable quantity.

MURDIN's *State Papers*, Vol. I. p. 61.

The king of England had promised to these two barons a feudal grant of the country, which they had thus reduced to a desert; upon hearing which, Archibald Douglas, the seventh Earl of Angus, is said to have sworn to write the deed of investiture upon their skins, with sharp pens and bloody ink, in resentment for their having defaced the tombs of his ancestors, at Melrose.—*Godscroft*. In 1545, Lord Evers and Latoun again entered Scotland with an army, consisting of 3000 mercenaries, 1500 English borderers, and 700 assured Scottishmen, chiefly Armstrongs, Turnbulls, and other broken clans. In this second incursion, the English generals even exceeded their former cruelty. Evers burned the tower of Broomhouse, with its lady (a noble and aged woman, says Lesley,) and her whole family. The English penetrated as far as Melrose, which they had destroyed last year, and which they now again pillaged. As they returned towards Jedburgh, they were followed by Angus, at the head of 1000 horse, who was shortly after joined by the famous Norman Lesley, with a body of Fife-men. The English, being probably unwilling to cross the Teviot while the Scots hung upon their rear, halted upon Ancram Moor, above the village of that name; and the Scottish general was deliberating whether to advance or retire, when Sir Walter Scott* of Buccleuch came up, at full speed, with a small, but chosen, body of his retainers, the rest of whom were near at hand. By the advice of this experienced warrior (to whose conduct Pitscottie and Buchanan ascribe the success of the engagement,) Angus withdrew from the height

* The editor has found in no instance upon record, of this family having taken assurance with England. Hence they usually suffered dreadfully from the English forays. In August, 1544, (the year preceding the battle) the whole lands belonging to Buccleuch, in West Teviotdale, were harried by Evers; the outworks, or barmkin, of the tower of Branxholm, burned; eight Scotts slain, thirty made prisoners, and an immense prey of horses, cattle, and sheep, carried off. The lands upon Kale water, belonging to the same chieftain, were also plundered, and much spoil obtained; 30 Scotts slain, and the Moss Tower (a fortress near Eckford,) *smoked very sore*. Thus Buccleuch had a long account to settle at Ancram Moor.—M'Ribbin's *State Papers*, i, pp. 45, 46.

which he occupied, and drew up his forces behind it, upon a piece of low flat ground, called Panier-heugh, or Peniel-heugh. The spare horses, being sent to an eminence in their rear, appeared to the English to be the main body of the Scots, in the act of flight. Under this persuasion, Evers and Latoun hurried precipitately forward, and having ascended the hill, which their foes had abandoned, were no less dismayed than astonished, to find the phalanx of Scottish spearmen drawn up, in firm array, upon the flat ground below. The Scots in their turn became the assailants. A heron, roused from the marshes by the tumult, soared away betwixt the encountering armies: "O!" exclaimed Angus, "that I had here my white goss-"hawk, that we might all yoke at once!"—*Godscroft*. The English, breathless and fatigued, having the setting sun and wind full in their faces, were unable to withstand the resolute and desperate charge of the Scottish lances. No sooner had they begun to waver, than their own allies, the assured borderers, who had been waiting the event, threw aside their red crosses, and, joining their countrymen, made a most merciless slaughter among the English fugitives, the pursuers calling upon each other to "remember Broomhouse!"—LESLEY, p. 478. In the battle fell Lord Evers, and his son, together with Sir Brian Latoun, and 800 Englishmen, many of whom were persons of rank. A thousand prisoners were taken. Among these was a patriotic alderman of London, Read by name, who, having contumaciously refused to pay his portion of a benevolence, demanded from the city by Henry VIII., was sent by royal authority to serve against the Scots. These, at settling his ransom, he found still more exorbitant in their exactions than the monarch.—REDPATH'S *Border History*, p. 553. Evers was much regretted by King Henry, who swore to avenge his death upon Angus, against whom he conceived himself to have particular grounds of resentment, on account of favours received by the earl at his hands. The answer of Angus was worthy of Douglas. "Is our brother-in-law offended," * said

* Angus had married the widow of James IV., sister to King Henry VIII

he, "that I, as a good Scotsman, have avenged my ravaged "country, and the defaced tombs of my ancestors, upon Ralph "Evers? They were better men than he, and I was bound to "do no less—and will he take my life for that? Little knows "King Henry the skirts of Kirnetable:† I can keep myself "there against all his English host."—GODSCROFT.

Such was the noted battle of Ancrum Moor. The spot, on which it was fought, is called Lyliard's Edge, *from* an Amazonian Scottish woman of that name, who is reported, by tradition, to have distinguished herself in the same manner as Squire Witherington. The old people point out her monument, now broken and defaced. The inscription is said to have been legible within this century, and to have run thus:

Fair maiden Lylliard lies under this stane,
Little was her stature, but great was her fame;
Upon the English louns she laid mony thumps,
And, when her legs were cutted off, she fought upon her stumps.

Vide Account of the Parish of Melrose.

It appears, from a passage in Stowe, that an ancestor of Lord Evers held also a grant of Scottish lands from an English monarch. "I have seen," says the historian, "under the broad "seale of the said King Edward I., a manor, called Ketnes, in "the countie of Ferfare, in Scotland, and neere the furthest "part of the same nation northward, given to John Eure and "his heires, ancestor to the Lord Eure that now is, for his ser-"vice done in these partes, with market, &c. dated at Lanercost, "the 20th day of October, anno regis, 34."—STOWE'S *Annals*, p. 210. This grant, like that of Henry, must have been dangerous to the receiver.

There is a nun in Dryburgh bower.—P. 33, v. 3.

The circumstance of the nun, "who never saw the day," is not entirely imaginary. About fifty years ago, an unfortunate

† Kirnetable, now called Cairntable, is a mountainous tract at the head of Douglasdale.

female wanderer took up her residence in a dark vault, among the ruins of Dryburgh abbey, which, during the day, she never quitted. When night fell, she issued from this miserable habitation, and went to the house of Mr Halliburton of Newmains, the editor's great-grandfather, or to that of Mr Erskine of Shielfield, two gentlemen of the neighbourhood. From their charity, she obtained such necessaries as she could be prevailed upon to accept. At twelve, each night, she lighted her candle, and returned to her vault; assuring her friendly neighbours, that, during her absence, her habitation was arranged by a spirit, to whom she gave the uncouth name of *Fatlips*; describing him as a little man, wearing heavy iron shoes, with which he trampled the clay floor of the vault, to dispel the damps. This circumstance caused her to be regarded, by the well-informed, with compassion, as deranged in her understanding; and by the vulgar, with some degree of terror. The cause of her adopting this extraordinary mode of life she would never explain. It was, however, believed to have been occasioned by a vow, that, during the absence of a man, to whom she was attached, she would never look upon the sun. Her lover never returned. He fell during the civil war of 1745-6, and she never more would behold the light of day.

The vault, or rather dungeon, in which this unfortunate woman lived and died, passes still by the name of the supernatural being, with which its gloom was tenanted by her disturbed imagination, and few of the neighbouring peasants dare enter it by night.

CADYOW CASTLE.

The ruins of Cadyow, or Cadzow Castle, the ancient baronial residence of the family of Hamilton, are situated upon the precipitous banks of the river Evan, about two miles above its junction with the Clyde. It was dismantled, in the conclusion of the civil wars, during the reign of the unfortunate Mary, to whose cause the house of Hamilton devoted themselves with a generous zeal, which occasioned their temporary obscurity, and, very nearly, their total ruin. The situation of the ruins, embosomed in wood, darkened by ivy and creeping shrubs, and overhanging the brawling torrent, is romantic in the highest degree. In the immediate vicinity of Cadyow is a grove of immense oaks, the remains of the Caledonian Forest, which anciently extended through the south of Scotland, from the eastern to the Atlantic Ocean. Some of these trees measure twenty-five feet, and upwards, in circumfe-

rence; and the state of decay, in which they now appear, shews that they may have witnessed the rites of the Druids.—The whole scenery is included in the magnificent and extensive park of the Duke of Hamilton. There was long preserved in this forest the breed of the Scottish wild cattle, until their ferocity occasioned their being extirpated, about forty years ago. Their appearance was beautiful, being milk-white, with black muzzles, horns, and hoofs. The bulls are described by ancient authors, as having white manes; but those of latter days had lost that peculiarity, perhaps by intermixture with the tame breed. *

In detailing the death of the regent Murray, which is made the subject of the following ballad, it would be injustice to my reader to use other words than those of Dr Robertson, whose account of that memorable event forms a beautiful piece of historical painting.

"Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh was the person who committed this barbarous action. He had been condemned "to death soon after the battle of Langside, as we have "already related, and owed his life to the regent's clemency. But part of his estate had been bestowed upon "one of the regent's favourites, † who seized his house,

* They were formerly kept in the park at Drumlanrig, and are still to be seen at Chillinghame Castle in Northumberland. For their nature and ferocity, see Notes.

† This was Sir James Balfenden, lord justice-clerk, whose shameful and inhuman rapacity occasioned the catastrophe in the text.—SPOTTISWOODE.

" and turned out his wife, naked, in a cold night, into the " open fields, where, before next morning, she became " furiously mad. This injury made a deeper impression " on him than the benefit he had received, and from that " moment he vowed to be revenged of the regent. Party " rage strengthened and inflamed his private resentment. " His kinsmen, the Hamiltons, applauded the enterprize. " The maxims of that age justified the most desperate " course he could take to obtain vengeance. He followed " the regent for some time, and watched for an opportu- " nity to strike the blow. He resolved, at last, to wait " till his enemy should arrive at Linlithgow, through " which he was to pass, in his way from Stirling to Edin- " burgh. He took his stand in a wooden gallery, † which " had a window towards the street; spread a feather-bed " on the floor, to hinder the noise of his feet from being " heard; hung up a black cloth behind him, that his sha- " dow might not be observed from without; and, after all " this preparation, calmly expected the regent's approach, " who had lodged, during the night, in a house not far " distant. Some indistinct information of the danger " which threatened him had been conveyed to the re- " gent, and he paid so much regard to it, that he resolved

† This projecting gallery is still shown. The house to which it was attached, was the property of the archbishop of St Andrews, a natural brother of the Duke of Chatelherault, and uncle to Bothwellhaugh. This, among many other circumstances, seems to evince the aid which Bothwellhaugh received from his clan in effecting his purpose.

" to return by the same gate through which he had enter-
" ed, and to fetch a compass round the town. But, as the
" crowd about the gate was great, and he himself unac-
" quainted with fear, he proceeded directly along the
" street; and the throng of people obliging him to move
" very slowly, gave the assassin time to take so true an
" aim, that he shot him, with a single bullet, through the
" lower part of his belly, and killed the horse of a gentle-
" man, who rode on his other side. His followers instant-
" ly endeavoured to break into the house, whence the
" blow had come; but they found the door strongly bar-
" ricaded, and, before it could be forced open, Hamilton
" had mounted a fleet horse, † which stood ready for him
" at a back-passage, and was got far beyond their reach.
" The regent died the same night of his wound."— *His-
tory of Scotland*, book v.

Bothwellhaugh rode straight to Hamilton, where he was received in triumph; for the ashes of the houses in Clydesdale, which had been burned by Murray's army, were yet smoking; and party prejudice, the habits of the age, and the enormity of the provocation, seemed, to his kinsmen, to justify his deed. After a short abode at Hamilton, this fierce and determined man left Scotland, and served in France, under the patronage of the family of Guise, to whom he was doubtless recommended by having avenged the cause of their niece, Queen Mary, upon her un-

† The gift of Lord John Hamilton, Commendator of Arbroath.

grateful brother. De Thou has recorded, that an attempt was made to engage him to assassinate Gaspar de Coligni, the famous admiral of France, and the buckler of the Hugonot cause. But the character of Bothwellhaugh was mistaken. He was no mercenary trader in blood, and rejected the offer with contempt and indignation. He had no authority, he said, from Scotland, to commit murders in France; he had avenged his own just quarrel, but he would neither, for price nor prayer, avenge that of another man.—*Thuanus*, cap. 40.

The regent's death happened 23d January, 1569. It is applauded or stigmatized, by contemporary historians, according to their religious or party prejudices. The triumph of Blackwood is unbounded. He not only extols the pious feat of Bothwellhaugh, "who," he observes, "satisfied, with a single ounce of lead, him, whose sacri-"legious avarice had stripped the metropolitan church of "St Andrew's of its covering;" but he ascribes it to immediate divine inspiration, and the escape of Hamilton to little less than the miraculous interference of the Deity. —*Jebb*, Vol. II. p. 203. With equal injustice, it was, by others, made the ground of a general national reflection; for, when Mather urged Berney to assassinate Burleigh, and quoted the examples of Poltrot and Bothwellhaugh, the other conspirator answered, "that neyther Poltrot "nor Hambleton did attempt their enterpryse, without "some reason or consideration to lead them to it: as the "one, by hyre, and promise of preferment or rewarde;

" the other, upon desperate mind of revenge, for a lytle " wrong done unto him, as the report goethe, accordinge " to the vyle traytcrous dysposysyon of the hoole na- " tyon of the Scottes."—MURDIN's *State Papers*, Vol. I. p. 107.

CADYOW CASTLE.

ADDRESSED TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY ANNE HAMILTON.

When princely Hamilton's abode
  Ennobled Cadyow's Gothic towers,
The song went round, the goblet flowed,
  And revel sped the laughing hours.

Then thrilling to the harp's gay sound,
  So sweetly rung each vaulted wall,
And echoed light the dancer's bound,
  As mirth and music cheered the hall.

But Cadyow's towers, in ruins laid,
And vaults, by ivy mantled o'er,
Thrill to the music of the shade,
Or echo Evan's hoarser roar.

Yet still, of Cadyow's faded fame,
You bid me tell a minstrel tale,
And tune my harp, of Border frame,
On the wild banks of Evandale.

For thou, from scenes of courtly pride,
From pleasure's lighter scenes, canst turn,
To draw oblivion's pall aside,
And mark the long forgotten urn.

Then, noble maid! at thy command,
Again the crumbled halls shall rise;
Lo! as on Evan's banks we stand,
The past returns—the present flies.—

Where with the rock's wood-cover'd side
Were blended late the ruins green,
Rise turrets in fantastic pride,
And feudal banners flaunt between:

Where the rude torrent's brawling course
  Was shagg'd with thorn and tangling sloe,
The ashler buttress braves its force,
  And ramparts frown in battled row.

'Tis night—the shade of keep and spire
  Obscurely dance on Evan's stream,
And on the wave the warder's fire
  Is chequering the moon-light beam.

Fades slow their light; the east is grey;
  The weary warder leaves his tower;
Steeds snort; uncoupled stag-hounds bay,
  And merry hunters quit the bower.

The draw-bridge falls—they hurry out—
  Clatters each plank and swinging chain,
As, dashing o'er, the jovial route
  Urge the shy steed, and slack the rein.

First of his troop, the Chief rode on;
  His shouting merry-men throng behind;
The steed of princely Hamilton
  Was fleeter than the mountain wind.

From the thick copse the roe-bucks bound,
The start ing red-deer scuds the plain,
For the hoarse bugle's warrior sound
Has roused their mountain haunts again.

Through the huge oaks of Evandale,
Whose limbs a thousand years have worn,
What sullen roar comes down the gale,
And drowns the hunter's pealing horn?

Mightiest of all the beasts of chace,
That roam in woody Caledon,
Crashing the forest in his race,
The Mountain Bull comes thundering on.

Fierce, on the hunters' quiver'd band,
He rolls his eyes of swarthy glow,
Spurns, with black hoof and horn, the sand,
And tosses high his mane of snow.

Aim'd well, the chieftain's lance has flown;
Struggling in blood the savage lies;
His roar is sunk in hollow groan—
Sound, merry huntsmen! sound the *pryse!*

* *Pryse*—The note blown at the death of the game.

'Tis noon—against the knotted oak
The hunters rest the idle spear;
Curls through the trees the slender smoke,
Where yeomen dight the woodland cheer.

Proudly the chieftain mark'd his clan,
On greenwood lap all careless thrown,
Yet miss'd his eye the boldest man,
That bore the name of Hamilton.

"Why fills not Bothwellhaugh his place,
"Still wont our weal and woe to share?
"Why comes he not our sport to grace?
"Why shares he not our hunter's fare?"

Stern Claud replied, with darkening face,
(Grey Pasley's haughty lord was he)
"At merry feast, or buxom chace,
"No more the warrior shalt thou see.

"Few suns have set, since Woodhouselee
"Saw Bothwellhaugh's bright goblets foam,
"When to his hearths, in social glee,
"The war-worn soldier turn'd him home.

" There, wan from her maternal throes,
" His Margaret, beautiful and mild,
" Sate in her bower, a pallid rose,
" And peaceful nursed her new-born child.

" O change accurs'd ! past are those days ;
" False Murray's ruthless spoilers came,
" And, for the hearth's domestic blaze,
" Ascends destruction's volumed flame.

" What sheeted phantom wanders wild,
" Where mountain Eske through woodland flows,
" Her arms enfold a shadowy child—
" Oh is it she, the pallid rose?

" The wildered traveller sees her glide,
" And hears her feeble voice with awe—
' Revenge,' she cries, ' on Murray's pride!
' And woe for injured Bothwellhaugh!"—

He ceased—and cries of rage and grief
Burst mingling from the kindred band,
And half arose the kindling chief,
And half unsheath'd his Arran brand.

But who, o'er bush, o'er stream and roc' ,
  Rides headlong, with resistless speed,
Whose bloody poniard's frantic stroke
  Drives to the leap his jaded steed;

Whose cheek is pale, whose eye-balls glare,
  As one, some visioned sight that saw,
Whose hands are bloody, loose his hair?—
  —'Tis he! 'tis he! 'tis Bothwellhaugh.

From gory selle,* and reeling steed,
  Sprung the fierce horseman with a bound,
And, reeking from the recent deed,
  He dashed his carbine on the ground.

Sternly he spoke—" 'Tis sweet to hear
  " In good greenwood the bugle blown,
" But sweeter to Revenge's ear,
  " To drink a tyrant's dying groan.

" Your slaughtered quarry proudly trod,
  " At dawning morn, o'er dale and down,
" But prouder base-born Murray rode
  " Thro' old Linlithgow's crowded town.

* *Selle*—Saddle. A word used by Spenser, and other ancient authors.

" From the wild Border's humbled side,
" In haughty triumph, marched he,
" While Knox relaxed his bigot pride,
" And smiled, the traitorous pomp to see.

" But, can stern Power, with all his vaunt,
" Or Pomp, with all her courtly glare,
" The settled heart of Vengeance daunt,
" Or change the purpose of Despair ?

" With hackbut bent,* my secret stand,
" Dark as the purposed deed, I chose,
" And marked, where, mingling in his band,
" Troop'd Scottish pikes and English bows.

" Dark Morton, girt with many a spear,
" Murder's foul minion, led the van;
" And clashed their broad-swords in the rear,
" The wild Macfarlanes' plaided clan.

" Glencairn and stout Parkhead were nigh,
" Obsequious at their regent's rein,
" And haggard Lindesay's iron eye,
" That saw fair Mary weep in vain.

* *Hackbut bent*—Gun cock'd.

" Mid pennon'd spears, a'steely grove,
" Proud Murray's plumage floated high;
" Scarce could his trampling charger move,
" So close the minions crowded nigh.

" From the raised vizor's shade, his eye,
" Dark-rolling, glanced the ranks along,
" And his steel truncheon, waved on high,
" Seem'd marshalling the iron throng.

" But yet his sadden'd brow confess'd
" A passing shade of doubt and awe;
" Some fiend was whispering in his breast,
' Beware of injured Bothwellhaugh !'

" The death-shot parts—the charger springs—
" Wild rises tumult's startling roar!—
" And Murray's plumy helmet rings—
" —Rings on the ground, to rise no more.

" What joy the raptured youth can feel,
" To hear her love the loved one tell,
" Or he, who broaches on his steel
" The wolf, by whom his infant fell!

" But dearer, to my injured eye,
" To see in dust proud Murray roll;
" And mine was ten times trebled joy,
" To hear him groan his felon soul.

" My Margaret's spectre glided near;
" With pride her bleeding victim saw;
" And shrieked in his death-deafen'd ear,
' Remember injured Bothwellhaugh!'

" Then speed thee, noble Chatlerault!
" Spread to the wind thy bannered tree!
" Each warrior bend his Clydesdale bow!—
" Murray is fallen, and Scotland free."—

Vaults every warrior to his steed;
Loud bugles join their wild acclaim—
" Murray is fallen, and Scotland freed!
" Couch, Arran! couch thy spear of flame!"—

But, see! the minstrel vision fails—
The glimmering spears are seen no more;
The shouts of war die on the gales,
Or sink in Evan's lonely roar.

For the loud bugle, pealing high,
The blackbird whistles down the vale,
And sunk in ivied ruins lie
The banner'd towers of Evandale.

For chiefs, intent on bloody deed,
And Vengeance, shouting o'er the slain,
Lo! high-born Beauty rules the steed,
Or graceful guides the silken rein.

And long may Peace and Pleasure own
The maids, who list the minstrel's tale;
Nor e'er a ruder guest be known
On the fair banks of Evandale!

NOTES

ON

CADYOW CASTLE.

First of his troop, the chief rode on.—P. 47. v. 5.

The head of the family of Hamilton, at this period, was James, Earl of Arran, Duke of Chatelherault, in France, and first peer of the Scottish realm. In 1569, he was appointed by Queen Mary her lieutenant-general in Scotland, under the singular title of her adopted father.

The Mountain Bull comes thundering on.—P. 48. v. 3.

In Caledonia olim frequens erat sylvestris quidam bos, nunc vero rarior, qui colore candidissimo, jubam densam et demissam instar leonis gestat, truculentus ac ferus ab humano genere abhorrens, ut quacunque homines vel manibus contrectarint, vel halitu perflaverunt, ab iis multos post dies omnino abstinuerint. Ad hoc tanta audacia huic bovi indita erat, ut non solum iritatus equites furenter prosterneret, sed ne tantillum lacessitus omnes promiscue homines cornibus, ac unguibus peteret; ac canum, qui apud nos ferocissimi sunt, impetus plane contemneret. Ejus carnes cartilaginosæ sed saporis suavissimi. Erat is olim per illam vastissimam Caledoniæ sylvam frequens, sed humana ingluvie jam assumptus tribus tantum locis est reliquus, Strivilingi, Cumbernaldiæ, et Kincarniæ.—Leslæus Scotiæ Descriptio, p. 13

Stern Claud replied, with darkening face,
(Grey Paisley's haughty lord was he,)—P. 49. v. 4.

Lord Claud Hamilton, second son of the Duke of Chatelherault, and commendator of the abbey of Paisley, acted a distinguished part during the troubles of Queen Mary's reign, and remained unalterably attached to the cause of that unfortunate princess. He led the van of her army at the fatal battle of Langside, and was one of the commanders at the Raid of Stirling, which had so nearly given complete success to the queen's faction. He was ancestor of the present Marquis of Abercorn.

Few suns have set since Woodhouselee—P. 49. v. 5.

This barony, stretching along the banks of the Esk, near Auchindinny, belonged to Bothwellhaugh, in right of his wife. The ruins of the mansion, from whence she was expelled in the brutal manner which occasioned her death, are still to be seen in a hollow glen beside the river. Popular report tenants them with the restless ghost of the lady Bothwellhaugh; whom, however, it confounds with Lady Anne Bothwell, whose *Lament* is so popular. This spectre is so tenacious of her rights, that, a part of the stones of the ancient edifice having been employed in building or repairing the present Woodhouselee, she has deemed it a part of her privilege to haunt that house also; and, even of very late years, has excited considerable disturbance and terror among the domestics. This is a more remarkable vindication of the *rights of ghosts*, as the present Woodhouselee, which gives his title to the honourable Alexander Fraser Tytler, a senator of the college of justice, is situated on the slope of the Pentland hills, distant at least four miles from her proper abode. She always appears in white, and with her child in her arms.

Whose bloody poniard's frantic stroke
Drove to the deep his jaded steed.—P. 51. v. 1.

Birrell informs us, that Bothwellhaugh, having obliquely pursued, "after that spur and wand had fail'd him, he drew forth

" his dagger, and strocke his horse behind, whilk caused the " horse to leap a verey brode stanke (*i. e.* ditch), by whilk " meanis he escaipit, and gat away from all the rest of the hor- " ses."—BIRREL'S *Diary*, p. 18.

From the wild Border's humbled side,
In haughty triumph, marched he.—P. 52. v. 1.

Murray's death took place shortly after an expedition to the borders; which is thus commemorated by the author of his elegy:

"So having stablischt all things in this sort,
" To Liddisdail agane he did resort,
" Throw Ewisdail, Eskdail, and all the dailis rode he,
" And also lay three nights in Cannobie,
" Whair na prince lay thir hundred yeirs before.
" Nae thief durst stir, they did him fear so sair;
" And, that they sald na mair thair thift allege,
" Threescore and twelf he brocht of thame in pledge,
" Syne wardit thame, whilk maid the rest keep ordour,
" Than mycht the rusch-bus keep ky on the bordour."
Scottish Poems, 16th *century*, p. 292.

With hackbut bent, my secret stand.—P. 52. v. 3.

The carbine, with which the regent was shot, is preserved at Hamilton palace. It is a brass piece, of a middling length, very small in the bore, and, what is rather extraordinary, appears to have been rifled or indented in the barrel. It had a match-lock, for which a modern fire-lock has been injudiciously substituted.

Dark Morton, girt with many a spear.—P. 52. v. 4.

Of this noted person it is enough to say, that he was active in the murder of David Rizzio, and at least privy to that of Darnley.

The wild Macfarlane's plaided clan.—P. 52. v. 4.

This clan of Lennox Highlanders were attached to the regent Murray. Holinshed, speaking of the battle of Langsyde, says, " in this battayle the valiancie of an heiland gentleman, named " Macfarlane, stood the regent's part in great steede; for, in " the hottest brunte of the fighte, he came up with two hun- " dred of his friendes and countrymen, and so manfully gave

" in upon the flankes of the queen's people, that he was a great " cause of the disordering of them. This Macfarlane had been " lately before, as I have heard, condemned to die, for some " outrage by him committed, and obtayning pardon through " suyte of the Countesse of Murray, he recompenced that cle- " mencie by this piece of service now at this batayle." Calderwood's account is less favourable to the Macfarlanes. He states that " Macfarlane, with his highlandmen, fled from the " wing where they were set. The Lord Lindsay, who stood " nearest to them in the regent's battle, said, 'Let them go! " I shall fill their place better:' and so, stepping forward, with " a company of fresh men, charged the enemy, whose spears " were now spent, with long weapons, so that they were dri- " ven back by force, being before almost overthrown by the " avaunt-guard by the harquebusiers, and so were turned to " flight."—CALDERWOOD'S *MS. apud* KEITH, p. 480. Melville mentions the flight of the vanguard, but states it to have been commanded by Morton, and composed chiefly of commoners of the barony of Renfrew.

Glencairn and stout Parkhead were nigh,
Obsequious at their regent's rein.—P. 52. v. 5.

The Earl of Glencairn was a steady adherent of the regent. George Douglas of Parkhead was a natural brother of the Earl of Morton: his horse was killed by the same ball by which Murray fell.

And haggard Lindesay's mom eye,
That saw fair Mary weep in vain.—P. 52. v. 5.

Lord Lindsay, of the Byres, was the most ferocious and brutal of the regent's faction, and, as such, was employed to extort Mary's signature to the deed of resignation, presented to her in Lochleven castle. He discharged his commission with the most savage rigour; and it is even said, that when the weeping captive, in the act of signing, averted her eyes from the fatal deed, he pinched her arm with the grasp of his iron glove.

Scarce could his trampling charger move,
So close the minions crowded nigh.—P. 53. v. 1.

Richard Bannatyne mentions in his journal, that John Knox repeatedly warned Murray to avoid Linlithgow.

Not only had the regent notice of the intended attempt upon his life, but even of the very house from which it was threatened. With that infatuation, at which men wonder, after such events have happened, he deemed it would be a sufficient precaution to ride briskly past the dangerous spot. But even this was prevented by the crowd: so that Bothwellhaugh had time to take a deliberate aim.——SPOTTISWOODE, p. 233. BUCHANAN.

THE GREY BROTHER.

A FRAGMENT.

THE imperfect state of this ballad, which was written several years ago, is not a circumstance affected for the purpose of giving it that peculiar interest, which is often found to arise from ungratified curiosity. On the contrary, it was the author's intention to have completed the tale, if he had found himself able to succeed to his own satisfaction. Yielding to the opinion of persons, whose judgment, if not biassed by the partiality of friendship, is entitled to deference, the author has preferred inserting these verses, as a fragment, to his intention of entirely suppressing them.

The tradition, upon which the tale is founded, regards a house, upon the barony of Gilmerton, near Laswade, in Mid-Lothian. This building, now called Gilmerton Grange, was originally named Burndale, from the following tragic adventure. The barony of Gilmerton belonged, of yore, to a gentleman named Heron, who had one beau-

tiful daughter. This young lady was seduced by the Abbot of Newbottle, a richly-endowed abbey, upon the banks of the south Esk, now a seat of the marquis of Lothian. Heron came to the knowledge of this circumstance, and learned also, that the lovers carried on their guilty intercourse by the connivance of the lady's nurse, who lived at this house of Gilmerton Grange, or Burndale. He formed a resolution of bloody vengeance, undeterred by the supposed sanctity of the clerical character, or by the stronger claims of natural affection. Chusing, therefore, a dark and windy night, when the objects of his vengeance were engaged in a stolen interview, he set fire to a stack of dried thorns, and other combustibles, which he caused to be piled against the house, and reduced to a pile of glowing ashes the dwelling, with all its inmates. *

The scene, with which the ballad opens, was suggested by the following curious passage, extracted from the life of Alexander Peden, one of the wandering and persecuted teachers of the sect of Cameronians, during the reign of Charles II. and his successor, James. This person was supposed by his followers, and, perhaps, really believed himself, to be possessed of supernatural gifts; for the wild scenes, which they frequented, and the constant dangers,

* This tradition was communicated to me by John Clerk, Esq. of Eldin, author of an *Essay upon Naval Tactics*, who will be remembered by posterity as having taught the Genius of Britain to concentrate her thunders, and to launch them against her foes with an unerring aim.

which were incurred through their proscription, deepened upon their minds the gloom of superstition, so general in that age.

"About the same time he (Peden) came to Andrew "Normand's house, in the parish of Alloway, in the shire "of Ayr, being to preach at night in his barn. After he "came in, he halted a little, leaning upon a chair-back, "with his face covered; when he lifted up his head, he "said, 'There are in this house that I have not one word "of salvation unto;' he halted a little again, saying, 'This "is strange, that the devil will not go out, that we may "begin our work!' Then there was a woman went out, "ill-looked upon almost all her life, and to her dying "hour, for a witch, with many presumptions of the same. "It escaped me, in the former passages, that John Muir-"head (whom I have often mentioned) told me, that when "he came from Ireland to Galloway, he was at family-"worship, and giving some notes upon the Scripture, when "a very ill-looking man came, and sate down within the "door, at the back of the *hallan* (partition of the cot-"tage): immediately he halted, and said, 'There is some "unhappy body just now come into this house. I charge "him to go out, and not stop my mouth!' The person "went out, and he *insisted* (went on), yet he saw him "neither come in nor go out."—*The Life and Prophecies of Mr Alexander Peden, late Minister of the Gospel at New Glenluce, in Galloway*, Part II., § 26.

THE GREY BROTHER.

THE Pope he was saying the high, high mass,
All on saint Peter's day,
With the power to him given, by the saints in heaven,
To wash men's sins away.

The Pope he was saying the blessed mass,
And the people kneeled around,
And from each man's soul his sins did pass,
As he kissed the holy ground.

And all, among the crowded throng,
Was still, both limb and tongue,
While thro' vaulted roof, and aisles aloof,
The holy accents rung.

At the holiest word, he quivered for fear,
And faultered in the sound. –
And, when he would the chalice rear,
He dropped it on the ground.

" The breath of one of evil deed
" Pollutes our sacred day;
" He has no portion in our creed,
" No part in what I say.

" A being, whom no blessed word
" To ghostly peace can bring;
" A wretch, at whose approach abhorred,
" Recoils each holy thing.

" Up! up! unhappy! haste, arise!
" My adjuration fear!
" I charge thee not to stop my voice,
" Nor longer tarry here!"—

Amid them all a pilgrim kneeled,
In gown of sackcloth gray;
Far journeying from his native field,
He first saw Rome that day.

For forty days and nights, so drear,
I ween, he had not spoke,
And, save with bread and water clear,
His fast he ne'er had broke.

Amid the penitential flock,
Seemed none more bent to pray;
But, when the Holy Father spoke,
He rose, and went his way.

Again unto his native land,
His weary course he drew,
To Lothian's fair and fertile strand,
And Pentland's mountains blue.

His unblest feet his native seat,
Mid Eske's fair woods, regain;
Through woods more fair no stream more sweet
Rolls to the eastern main.

And lords to meet the Pilgrim came,
And vassals bent the knee;
For all mid Scotland's chiefs of fame,
Was none more famed than he.

And boldly for his country, still,
In battle he had stood,
Aye, even when, on the banks of Till,
Her noblest poured their blood.

Sweet are the paths, O passing sweet!
By Esk's fair streams that run,
O'er airy steep, through copsewood deep,
Impervious to the sun.

There the rapt poet's step may rove,
And yield the muse the day;
There Beauty, led by timid love,
May shun the tell-tale ray;

From that fair dome, where suit is paid,
By blast of bugle free,
To Auchendinny's hazel glade,
And haunted Woodhouselee.

Who knows not Melville's beechy grove,
And Roslin's rocky glen,
Dalkeith, which all the virtues love,
And classic Hawthornden?

Yet never a path, from day to day,
The Pilgrim's footsteps range,
Save but the solitary way
To Burndale's ruin'd Grange.

A woeful place was that, I ween,
As sorrow could desire;
For, nodding to the fall was each crumbling wall,
And the roof was seathed with fire.

It fell upon a summer's eve,
While, on Carnethy's head,
The last faint gleams of the sun's low beams
Had streaked the gray with red;

And the convent-bell did vespers tell,
Newbottle's oaks among,
And mingled with the solemn knell
Our Ladye's evening song:

The heavy knell, the choir's faint swell,
Came slowly down the wind,
And on the Pilgrim's ear they fell,
As his wonted path he did find.

Deep sunk in thought, I ween, he was,
Nor ever raised his eye,
Until he came to that dreary place,
Which did all in ruins lie.

He gazed on the walls, so scathed with fire,
With many a bitter groan—
And there was aware of a Grey Friar,
Resting him on a stone.

"Now, Christ thee save!" said the Grey Brother;
"Some pilgrim thou seemest to be."
But in sore amaze did Lord Albert gaze,
Nor answer again made he.

"O come ye from east, or come ye from west,
"Or bring reliques from over the sea,
"Or come ye from the shrine of St James the divine,
"Or St John of Beverly?"—

"I come not from the shrine of St James the divine,
"Nor bring reliques from over the sea;
"I bring but a curse from our father, the Pope,
"Which for ever will cling to me."—

"Now, woeful Pilgrim, say not so!
"But kneel thee down by me,
"And shrive thee so clean of thy deadly sin,
"That absolved thou mayst be."—

"And who art thou, thou Grey Brother,
"That I should shrive to thee,
"When he to whom are given the keys of earth and heaven,
"Has no power to pardon me?"—

"O I am sent from a distant clime,
"Five thousand miles away,
"And all to absolve a foul, foul crime,
"Done *here* 'twixt night and day."—

The Pilgrim kneeled him on the sand,
And thus began his saye—
When on his neck an ice-cold hand
Did that Grey Brother laye.

* * * * * *

NOTES

ON

THE GREY BROTHER.

From that fair dome, where suit is paid,
By blast of bugle free.—P. 67. v. 4.

The barony of Pennycuik, the property of Sir George Clerk, Bart., is held by a singular tenure; the proprietor being bound to sit upon a large rocky fragment, called the Buckstane, and wind three blasts of a horn, when the king shall come to hunt on the Borough Muir, near Edinburgh. Hence, the family have adopted, as their crest, a demi-forester proper, winding a horn, with the motto, *Free for a Blast*. The beautiful mansion-house of Pennycuik is much admired, both on account of the architecture and surrounding scenery.

To Auchendinny's hazel glade.—P. 67. v. 4.

Auchendinny, situated upon the Eske, below Pennycuik, the present residence of the ingenious H. Mackenzie, Esq. author of the *Man of Feeling*, &c.

And haunted Woodhouselee.—P. 67. v. 4.

For the traditions connected with this ruinous mansion, see the Ballad of *Cadyow Castle*, p. 46.

Who knows not Melville's beechy grove.—P. 67. v. 5.

Melville Castle, the seat of the Honourable Robert Dundas, member for the county of Mid-Lothian, is delightfully situated upon the Eske, near Laswade. It gives the title of viscount to his father, Lord Melville.

And Roslin's rocky glen.—P. 67. v. 5.

The ruins of Roslin Castle, the baronial residence of the ancient family of St Clair, the Gothic chapel, which is still in beautiful preservation, with the romantic and woody dell in which they are situated, belong to the Right Honourable the Earl of Rosslyn, the representative of the former lords of Roslin.

Dalkeith, which all the virtues love.—P. 67. v. 5.

The village and castle of Dalkeith belonged, of old, to the famous Earl of Morton, but is now the residence of the noble family of Buccleuch. The park extends along the Eske, which is there joined by its sister stream, of the same name.

And classic Hawthornden.—P. 67. v. 5.

Hawthornden, the residence of the poet Drummond. A house, of more modern date, is inclosed, as it were, by the ruins of the ancient castle, and overhangs a tremendous precipice upon the banks of the Eske, perforated by winding caves, which, in former times, formed a refuge to the oppressed patriots of Scotland. Here Drummond received Ben Jonson, who journeyed from London, on foot, in order to visit him. The beauty of this striking scene has been much injured, of late years, by the indiscriminate use of the axe. The traveller now looks in vain for the leafy bower,

"Where Jonson sat in Drummond's social shade."

Upon the whole, tracing the Eske from its source, till it joins the sea at Musselburgh, no stream in Scotland can boast such a varied succession of the most interesting objects, as well as of the most romantic and beautiful scenery.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART FIRST.

Few personages are so renowned in tradition as Thomas of Ercildoune, known by the appellation of *The Rhymer*. Uniting, or supposed to unite, in his person, the powers of poetical composition, and of vaticination, his memory, even after the lapse of five hundred years, is regarded with veneration by his countrymen. To give any thing like a certain history of this remarkable man, would be indeed difficult; but the curious may derive some satisfaction from the particulars here brought together.

It is agreed, on all hands, that the residence, and probably the birth-place, of this ancient bard, was Ercildoune, a village situated upon the Leader, two miles above its junction with the Tweed. The ruins of an ancient tower are still pointed out as the Rhymer's castle. The uniform tradition bears, that his surname was Learmont, or

Learmont; and that the appellation of *The Rhymer* was conferred on him in consequence of his poetical compositions. There remains, nevertheless, some doubt upon this subject. In a charter, which is subjoined at length, * the son of our poet designs himself, "Thomas of Ercil-"doun, son and heir of Thomas Rymour of Ercildoun," which seems to imply, that the father did not bear the hereditary name of Learmont; or, at least, was better known and distinguished by the epithet, which he had acquired by his personal accomplishments. I must, however, remark, that, down to a very late period, the practice of distinguishing the parties, even in formal writings, by the epithets which had been bestowed on them from personal circumstances, instead of the proper sirnames of

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* *From the Chartulary of the Trinity House of Soltra, Advocates' Library*, W. 4. 14.

ERSYLTON.

Omnibus has literas visuris vel audituris Thomas de Ercildoun filius et heres Thome Rymour de Ercildoun salutem in Domino. Noveritis me per fustem et baculum in pleno judicio re ignusse ac per predictes quietum clamas e pro me et heredibus meis Magistro domus Sancte Trinitatis de Soltre et fratribus ejusdem domus totam terram meam cum omnibus pertinentiis suis quam in tenemento de Ercildoun hereditarie tenui renunciando de toto pro me et heredibus meis omni jure et clameo que ego seu antecessores mei in eadem terra aliquo tempore de perpetuo habuimus sive de futuro habere possumus. In cujus rei testimonio presentibus his sigillum meum apposui data apud Ercildoun die Martis proximo post festum Sanctorum Apostolorum Symonis et Jude Anno Domini Millessimo cc. Nonagesimo Nono.

their families, was common, and indeed necessary, among the border clans. So early as the end of the thirteenth century, when sirnames were hardly introduced in Scotland, this custom must have been universal. There is, therefore, nothing inconsistent in supposing our poet's name to have been actually Learmont, although, in this charter, he is distinguished by the popular appellation of *The Rhymer*.

We are better able to ascertain the period, at which Thomas of Ercildoune lived; being the latter end of the thirteenth century. I am inclined to place his death a little farther back than Mr Pinkerton, who supposes that he was alive in 1300 (*List of Scottish Poets*); which is hardly, I think, consistent with the charter already quoted, by which his son, in 1299, for himself and his heirs, conveys to the convent of the Trinity of Soltre, the tenement which he possessed by inheritance (*hereditarie*) in Ercildoun, with all claim which he, or his predecessors, could pretend thereto. From this we may infer, that the Rhymer was now dead; since we find his son disposing of the family property. Still, however, the argument of the learned historian will remain unimpeached, as to the time of the poet's birth. For if, as we learn from Barbour, his prophecies were held in reputation * as early as 1306, when Bruce slew the Red Comyn, the sanctity,

* The lines alluded to are these:

I hope that Tomas's prophesie,
Of Ercheldoun, shall truly be.
In him, &c.

and (let me add to Mr Pinkerton's words) the uncertainty, of antiquity, must have already involved his character and writings. In a charter of Peter de Haga de Bemersyde, which unfortunately wants a date, the Rhymer, a near neighbour, and, if we may trust tradition, a friend of the family, appears as a witness.—*Cartulary of Melrose.*

It cannot be doubted, that Thomas of Ercildoune was a remarkable and important person in his own time, since, very shortly after his death, we find him celebrated as a prophet, and as a poet. Whether he himself made any pretensions to the first of these characters, or whether it was gratuitously conferred upon him by the credulity of posterity, it seems difficult to decide. If we may believe Mackenzie, Learmont only versified the prophecies delivered by Eliza, an inspired nun of a convent at Haddington. But of this there seems not to be the most distant proof. On the contrary, all ancient authors, who quote the Rhymer's prophecies, uniformly suppose them to have been emitted by himself. Thus, in Wintown's *Chronicle*,

> Of this tycht quilum spak Thomas
> Of Erseldoune, that sayd in derne,
> Thare suld meit stalwartly, starke, and sterne.
> He sayd it in his prophecy;
> But how he wist it was *ferly*.
>
> *Book* VIII. *Chap*, 32.

There could have been no *ferly* (marvel), in Wintown's eyes at least, how Thomas came by his knowledge of

future events, had he ever heard of the inspired nun of Haddington; which, it cannot be doubted, would have been a solution of the mystery, much to the taste of the prior of Lochlevin.*

Whatever doubts, however, the learned might have, as to the source of the Rhymer's prophetic skill, the vulgar had no hesitation to ascribe the whole to the intercourse between the bard and the Queen of Faëry. The popular tale bears, that Thomas was carried off, at an early age, to the Fairy Land, where he acquired all the knowledge, which made him afterwards so famous. After seven years residence he was permitted to return to the earth, to enlighten and astonish his countrymen by his prophetic powers; still, however, remaining bound to return to his royal mistress, when she should intimate her pleasure.† Accordingly, while Thomas was ma-

* Henry the Minstrel, who introduces Thomas into the history of Wallace, expresses the same doubt as to the source of his prophetic knowledge:

> Thomas Rhymer into the faile was than
> With the minister, which was a worthy man.
> He used oft to that religious place;
> The people deemed of wit he meikle can,
> And so he told, though that they blest or ban,
> Which happened smooth in many divers case;
> I cannot say by wrong or righteousness.
> In rule of war whether they tint or wan:
> It may be deemed by division of grace, &c.
>
> *History of Wallace*, Book II.

† See a Dissertation on Fairies, prefixed to the ballad of TAMLANE, *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, Vol. II. p. 109. 3d edit.

king merry with his friends, in the tower of Ercildoun, a person came running in, and told, with marks of fear and astonishment, that a hart and hind had left the neighbouring forest, and were composedly and slowly parading the street of the village.* The prophet instantly arose, left his habitation, and followed the wonderful animals to the forest, whence he was never seen to return. According to the popular belief, he still "drees his weird" in Fairy Land, and is expected one day to revisit earth. In the mean while, his memory is held in the most profound respect. The Eildon Tree, from beneath the shade of which he delivered his prophecies, now no longer exists; but the spot is marked by a large stone, called Eildon Tree Stone. A neighbouring rivulet takes the name of the Bogle Burn, (Goblin Brook) from the Rhymer's supernatural visitants. The veneration paid to his dwelling-place even attached itself in some degree to a person, who, within the memory of man, chose to set up his residence in the ruins of Learmont's tower. The name of this man was Murray, a kind of herbalist; who, by dint of some knowledge in simples, the possession of a musical clock, an electrical machine, and a stuffed alligator, added to a supposed communication with Thomas the Rhymer, lived for many years in very good credit as a wizard.

It seemed to the author unpardonable to dismiss a per-

* There is a singular resemblance betwixt this tradition, and an incident occurring in the life of Merlin Caledonius, which the reader will find at page 101 of this volume.

son, so important in Border tradition as the Rhymer, without some farther notice than a simple commentary upon the following ballad. It is given from a copy, obtained from a lady, residing not far from Ercildoun, corrected and enlarged by one in Mrs Brown's MSS. The former copy, however, as might be expected, is far more minute as to local description. To this old tale the author has ventured to add a Second Part, consisting of a kind of Canto, from the printed prophecies vulgarly ascribed to the Rhymer; and a Third Part, entirely modern, founded upon the tradition of his having returned, with the hart and hind, to the Land of Faëry. To make his peace with the more severe antiquaries, the author has prefixed to the Second Part some remarks on Learmont's prophecies.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART FIRST.—ANCIENT.

True Thomas lay on Huntlie bank;
A ferlie he spied wi' his e'e;
And there he saw a ladye bright,
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

Her shirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fyne;
At ilka tett of her horse's mane,
Hang fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas, he pulled aff his cap,
And louted low down to his knee,—
"All hail, thou mighty queen of heaven!
"For thy peer on earth I never did see."

"O no, O no, Thomas," she said;
"That name does not belang to me;
"I am but the queen of fair Elfland,
"That am hither come to visit thee.

"Harp and carp, Thomas," she said;
"Harp and carp along with me;
"And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
"Sure of your body I will be."—

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
"That weird * shall never danton me."—
Syne he has kissed her rosy lips,
All underneath the Eildon Tree

"Now, ye maun go wi' me," she said,
"True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me;
"And ye maun serve me seven years,
"Through weal or woe as may chance to be."—

She mounted on her milk-white steed;
She's ta'en true Thomas up behind;
And aye, whene'er her bridle rung,
The steed flew swifter than the wind.

* *Weird, &c.*—That destiny shall never be brought

O they rade on, and farther on;
The steed gaed swifter than the wind;
Until they reached a desart wide,
And living land was left behind.

"Light down, light down, now, true Thomas,
"And lean your head upon my knee:
"Abide, and rest a little space,
"And I will shew you ferlies three.

"O see you not yon narrow road,
"So thick beset with thorns and briers?—
"That is the path of righteousness,
"Though after it but few enquires.

"And see not ye that braid, braid road,
"That lies across that lily leven?—
"That is the path of wickedness,
"Though some call it the road to heaven.

"And see not ye that bonny road,
"That winds about the fernie brae?
"That is the road to fair Elfland
"Where thou and I this night maun gae.

" But Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,
" Whatever ye may hear or see;
" For, if you speak word in Elfiyn land,
" Ye'll ne'er get back to your ain countrie."—

O they rade on, and farther on,
And they waded through rivers aboon the knee,
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk, mirk night, and there was nae stern light,
And they waded through red blude to the knee;
For a' the blude, that's shed on earth,
Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

Syne they came on to a garden green,
And she pu'd an apple frae a tree;
" Take this for thy wages, true Thomas;
" It will give thee the tongue that can never lie."—

" My tongue is mine ain," true Thomas said;
" A gudely gift ye wad gie to me!
" I neither dought to buy nor sell,
" At fair or tryst, where I may be.

" I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
" Nor ask of grace from fair ladye."—
" Now hold thy peace!" the ladye said,
" For, as I say, so must it be."—

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair of shoes of velvet green;
And, till seven years were gane and past,
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

NOTE AND APPENDIX

TO

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART FIRST.

She pu'd an apple frae a tree, &c.—P. 83. v. 4.

The traditional commentary upon this ballad informs us, that the apple was the produce of the fatal Tree of Knowledge, and that the garden was the terrestrial paradise. The repugnance of Thomas to be debarred the use of falsehood, when he might find it convenient, has a comic effect.

The reader is here presented, from an old, and unfortunately an imperfect MS., with the undoubted original of Thomas the Rhymer's intrigue with the queen of Faëry. It will afford great amusement to those, who would study the nature of traditional poetry, and the changes effected by oral tradition, to compare this ancient romance with the foregoing ballad. The same incidents are narrated, even the expression is often the same; yet the poems are as different in appearance, as if the

older tale had been regularly and systematically modernized by a poet of the present day.

Incipit Prophesia Thome de Erseldoun.

In a lande as I was lent,
In the gryking of the day,
Ay alone as I went,
In Huntle bankys me for to play:
I saw the throstyl, and the jay,
Ye mawes movyde of her song,
Ye wodwale sange notes gay,
That al the wod about range.
In that longyng as I lay,
Undir nethe a dern tre,
I was war of a lady gay,
Come rydying ouyr a fair le;
Zogh I suld sitt to domy day,
With my tong to wrubbe and wry,
Certenly all hyr aray,
It beth neuyr diseryyd for me.
Hyr palfra was dappyll gray,
Sycke on say neuer none,
As the son in somers day,
All abowte that lady shone;
Hyr sadel was of a rowel bone,
A semly syght it was to se,
Bryht with many a precyous stone,
And compasyd all with crapste;
Stones of oryens gret plente,
Her hur about her hede it hang,
She rode ouer the farnyle,
A while she blew, a while she sang,
Her girths of nobil silke they were,
Her boculs were of beryl stone,
Sadyll and brydil war - -:
With sylk and scudel about bedone,
Hyr patyrel was of a pall fyne,
And hyr croper of the arase,

Hyr brydil was of gold fype,
On euery syde forsothe hong bells thre,
Hyr brydil reynes — — —
A semly syzt — — — —
Crop and patyrel — — —
In every joynt — — —
She led thre grew houndes in a leash,
And ratches cowpled by her ran;
She bar an horn about her halse,
And undir her gyrdil meny flene.
Thomas lay and sa — —
In the bankes of — — —
He sayd yonder is Mary of Might,
That bar the child that died for me,
Certes bot I may speke with that lady bright,
Myd my hert will breke in three;
I schal me hye with all my might,
Hyr to mete at Eldyn Tree.
Thomas rathly up he rase,
And ran ouer mountayn hye,
If it be sothe the story sayis,
He met her euyn at Eldyn tre.
Thomas knelyd down on his kne
Undir nethe the grenewood spray,
And sayd, lovely lady, thou rue on me,
Queen of heaven as you well may be;
But I am a lady of another countrie,
If I be pareld most of prise,
I ride after the wild fee,
My ratches rinnen at my deryn.
If thou be pareld most of prise,
And rides a lady in strang foly,
Lovely lady, as thou art wise,
Giue you me leue to lige ye by.
Do way Thomas, that wert foly,
I pray ye Thomas late me be,
That sin will forde all my bewtie
Lovely ladye rewe on me,

And euer more I shall with ye dwell,
Here my trowth I plyght to thee,
Where you beleues in heuyn or hell.
Thomas, and you myght lyge me by,
Undir nethe this grene wode spray,
Thou would tell full hastely,
That thou had layn by a lady gay.
Lady I mote lyg by the,
Undir nethe the grene wode tre,
For all the gold in chrystenty,
Suld you neuer be wryede for me.
Man on molde you will me marre,
And yet bot you may haf you will,
Trow you well Thomas, you cheuyst ye warre;
For all my bewtie wilt you spill.
Down lyghtyd that lady bryzt,
Undir nethe the grene wode spray,
And as ye story sayth full ryzt,
Seuyn tymes by her he lay.
She seyd, man you lyste thi play,
What berde in bouyr may dele with thee,
That maries me all this long day;
I pray ye, Thomas, let me be.
Thomas stode up in the stede,
And beheld the lady gay,
Her heyre hang downe about her hede,
The tone was blak, the other gray,
Her eyn semyt onte before was gray,
Her gay clething was all away,
That he before had sene in that stede;
Hyr body as blo as ony bede.
Thomas sighede, and sayd alias,
Me thynke this a dullfull syght,
That thou are ladyd in the face,
Before you shone as son so bryzt.
Tak thy leue, Thomas, at son and mone,
At gresse, and at euery tre,
For twelmonth sall you with me gone,

Medyl erth you sall not.
Alas, he seyd, ful wo is me,
I trow my dedes will werke me care,
Jesu my sole tak to ye,
Whedir so euyr my body sal fare.
She rode furth with all her myzt,
Undir nethe the derne lee,
It was as derke as at midnyzt,
And euyr in water unto the kne;
Through the space of days thre,
He herde but swowyng of a flode;
Thomas sayd, ful wo is me,
Nowe I spyll for fawte of fode;
To a garden she lede him tyte,
There was fruyte in grete plente,
Peyres and apples ther were rype,
The date and the damese,
The figge and als fylbert tre;
The nyghtyngale bredyng in her neste,
The papigayo about gan fle,
The throstylcock sang wold hafe no reste.
He pressed to pulle fruyt with his hand
As man for faute that was faynt;
She seyd, Thomas, lat al stand,
Or els the deuyl wil the atteynt.
Sche said, Thomas, I the hyzt,
To lay thi hede upon my kne,
And thou shalt see fayrer syght,
Than euyr sawe man in their kintre.
Sees thou, Thomas, yon fayr way,
That lygges euyr yone fyr playn?
Yonder is the way to heuyn for ay,
Whan synful sawles haf deruyed their payne.
Sees thou, Thomas, yone secund way,
That lygges lawe undir the ryse?
Streight is the way sothly to say,
To the joyes of paradyse.

Sees thou, Thomas, yone thyrd way,
That ligges ouyr yone how?
Wide is the way sothly to say,
To the brynyng fyres of heil.
Sees thou, Thomas, yone fayr castell,
That standes ouyr yone fayr hill?
Of town and tower it beereth the belle,
In middell erth is non like theretill.
Whan thou comyst in yone castell gaye
I pray thu curteis man to be;
What so ony man to you say,
Soke thu answer non but me.
My lord is servyd at yche messe,
With xxx kniztes fcir and fre;
I sall say syttyng on the dese,
I toke thy speche beyonde the le:
Thomas stode as still as stone,
And beheldc that ladye gaye;
Than was sche fayr and ryche anone,
And also ryal on hir palfreye.
The grewhoundes had fylde them on the dere,
The ratches coupled, by my fay,
She blewe her horn Thomas to chere,
To the castell she went her way
The lady into the hall went,
Thomas folowyd at her hand;
Thar kept lyr mony a lady gent,
With curtasy and lawe.
Harp and fedyl both he fande,
The getern and the sawtry,
Lut and rybib ther gon gang,
Their was ryal manes of mynstralsy.
The mo I tertly thot Thomas thoght,
When he com emydles the flore,
Fourty herter to quarr were brogbt,
That had ben befor both long and store.
Tymors hy lappyng blude,

And kokes stondyng with dressyng knyfe,
And dressyd dere as thai wer wode,
And rewell was thair wonder
Knyghtes dansyd by two and thre,
All that leue long day.
Ladyes that were gret of gre,
Sat and sang of rich array.
Thomas sawe much more in that place,
Than I can deseryve,
Til on a day alas, alas,
My lovely layde sayd to me,
Rusk ye, Thomas, you must agayn,
Here you may no longer be:
Hy then zerne that you were at hame,
I sal ye bryng to Eldyn Tre.
Thomas answerd with heuy cher,
And sayd, lowely ladye let me be,
For I say ye certenly here
That I be bot the space of dayes three.
Sothly, Thomas, as I tell ye,
You hath ben here thre yeres,
And here you may no longer be;
And I sal tele ye a skele,
To-morowe of helle ye foule fende
Amang our folke shall chuse his fee;
For you art a larg man and an hende,
Trowe you wele he will chuse thee.
Fore all the golde that may be,
Fro hens unto the worldes ende,
Sal you not be betrayed for me,
And thairfor sall you hens wend.
She broght hym eayn to Eldon tre,
Undir nethe the grene wode spray,
In Huntle bankes was fayr to be,
Thai bredde syng both nyzt and day

Ferre ouyr yon montayns gray,
Ther hathe my facon;
Fare wele, Thomas, I wende my way.

* * * * * *

[The elfin queen, after restoring Thomas to earth, pours forth a string of prophecies, in which we distinguish references to the events and personages of the Scottish wars of Edward III. The battles of Duplin and Halidon are mentioned, and also Black Agnes, countess of Dunbar. There is a copy of this poem in the museum in the cathedral of Lincoln, another in the collection in Peterborough; but unfortunately they are all in an imperfect state. Mr Jamieson, in his curious collection of Popular Ballads and Songs, lately published, has an entire copy of this ancient poem, with all the collations. The *lacunæ* of the former edition have been supplied from his copy.]

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART SECOND.

ALTERED FROM ANCIENT PROPHECIES.

The prophecies, ascribed to Thomas of Ercildoune, have been the principal means of securing to him remembrance "amongst the sons of his people." The author of *Sir Tristrem* would long ago have joined, in the vale of oblivion, "Clerk of Tranent, who wrote the adventures of "*Schir Gawain*," if, by good hap, the same current of ideas respecting antiquity, which causes Virgil to be regarded as a magician by the Lazaroni of Naples, had not exalted the bard of Ercildoune to the prophetic character. Perhaps, indeed, he himself affected it during his life. We know at least, for certain, that a belief in his supernatural knowledge was current soon after his death. His

prophecies are alluded to by Barbour, by Wintoun, and by Henry the Minstrel, or *Blind Harry*, as he is usually termed. None of these authors, however, give the words of any of the Rhymer's vaticinations, but merely narrate, historically, his having predicted the events of which they speak. The earliest of the prophecies ascribed to him, which is now extant, is quoted by Mr Pinkerton from a MS. It is supposed to be a response from Thomas of Ercildoune, to a question from the heroic Countess of March, renowned for the defence of the castle of Dunbar against the English, and termed, in the familiar dialect of her time, *Black Agnes* of Dunbar. This prophecy is remarkable, in so far as it bears very little resemblance to any verses published in the printed copy of the Rhymer's supposed prophecies. The verses are as follows:

"*La Countesse de Donbar demande a Thomas de Ercedoune quant la guerre d'Escoce prendreit fyn. E yl l'a repeundy et dyt.*

"When man is mad a kyng of a cappid man;
When man is levare other manne thyng than is owen;
When lande thouys forest, ant forest is felde;
When hares kendles o' the her'ston;
When Wyt and Wille werres togodere:
When mon maykes stables of kyrkes; and stelde stedels with styes;
When Rokesbourghe nys no burgh ant market is at Forwyleye:
When Bambourne is donged with dede mon;
When man ledes men in ropes to buyen and to sellen;
When a quarter of whaty whete is chaunged for a colt of ten markes;
When prude (pride) prikes and pees is loyd in prisoun;

When a Scot ne me hym hide ne hare in forme that the English ne shall hym fynde;
When rycht and wronge astente the togedere;
When laddes weddeth lovedies;
When Scottes flen so faste, that for faute of shep, hy drowneth hemselve;
When shal this be?
Nouther in thine tyme ne in mine;
Ah comen ant gone
Withinne twenty winter ant one."

PINKERTON'S *Poems, from* MAITLAND'S *MS. quoting from* HARL. Lib. 2253, F. 127.

As I have never seen the MS. from which Mr Pinkerton makes this extract, and as the date of it is fixed by him (certainly one of the most able antiquaries of our age,) to the reign of Edward I. or II., it is with great diffidence that I hazard a contrary opinion. There can, however, I believe, be little doubt, that these prophetic verses are a forgery, and not the production of our Thomas the Rhymer. But I am inclined to believe them of a later date than the reign of Edward I. or II.

The gallant defence of the castle of Dunbar, by Black Agnes, took place in the year 1337. The Rhymer died previous to the year 1299 (see the charter, by his son, in the Introduction to the foregoing Ballad.) It seems, therefore, very improbable, that the Countess of Dunbar could ever have an opportunity of consulting Thomas the Rhymer, since that would infer that she was married, or at least engaged in state matters, previous to 1299; whereas she is described as a young, or a middle-aged, woman, at

the period of her being besieged in the fortress, which she so well defended. If the editor might indulge a conjecture, he would suppose, that the prophecy was contrived for the encouragement of the English invaders, during the Scottish wars; and that the names of the Countess of Dunbar, and of Thomas of Ercildoune, were used for the greater credit of the forgery. According to this hypothesis, it seems likely to have been composed after the siege of Dunbar, which had made the name of the Countess well known, and consequently in the reign of Edward III. The whole tendency of the prophecy is to aver, "that there shall be no end of the Scottish "war (concerning which the question was proposed,) till "a final conquest of the country by England, attended "by all the usual severities of war. When the culti-"vated country shall become forest—says the prophe-"cy;—when the wild animals shall inhabit the abode "of men;—when Scots shall not be able to escape the "English, should they crouch as hares in their forms,"—All these denunciations seem to refer to the time of Edward III., upon whose victories the prediction was probably founded. The mention of the exchange betwixt a colt worth ten markes, and a quarter of "whaty (indifferent) wheat," seems to allude to the dreadful famine, about the year 1348. The independence of Scotland was, however, as impregnable to the mines of superstition, as to the steel of our more powerful and more wealthy neighbours. The war of Scotland is, thank God, at an end; but it is ended without her people having ei-

ther crouched, like hares in their form, or being drowned in their flight " for faute of ships"—thank God for that too. The prophecy, quoted in p. 86, is probably of the same date, and intended for the same purpose. A minute search of the records of the time would, probably, throw additional light upon the allusions contained in these ancient legends. Among various rhymes of prophetic import, which are at this day current amongst the people of Teviotdale, is one, supposed to be pronounced by Thomas the Rhymer, presaging the destruction of his habitation and family:

> The hare sall kittle (litter) on my hearth-stane,
> And there will never be a laird Learmont again.

The first of these lines is obviously borrowed from that in the MS. of the Harl. Library,—" When hares kendles " o' the her'stane,"—an emphatic image of desolation. It is also inaccurately quoted in the prophecy of Waldhave, published by Andro Hart, 1613:

> " This is a true talking that Thomas of tells,
> " The hare shall hirple on the hard (hearth) stane."

Spottiswoode, an honest, but credulous historian, seems to have been a firm believer in the authenticity of the prophetic wares, vended in the name of Thomas of Ercildoun. " The prophecies, yet extant in Scottish rhymes, " whereupon he was commonly called *Thomas the Rhymer*, " may justly be admired; having foretold, so many ages " before, the union of England and Scotland in the ninth " degree of the Bruce's blood, with the succession of

"Bruce himself to the crown, being yet a child, and "other divers particulars, which the event hath ratified "and made good. Boethius, in his story, relateth his "prediction of King Alexander's death, and that he did "foretel the same to the Earl of March, the day before "it fell out; saying, 'That before the next day at noon, "such a tempest should blow, as Scotland had not felt "for many years before.' The next morning, the day "being clear, and no change appearing in the air, the "nobleman did challenge Thomas of his saying, calling "him an impostor. He replied, that noon was not yet "passed. About which time, a post came to advertise "the earl, of the king his sudden death. 'Then,' said "Thomas, 'this is the tempest I foretold; and so it shall "prove to Scotland.' Whence, or how, he had this "knowledge, can hardly be affirmed; but sure it is, that "he did divine and answer truly of many things to "come."—SPOTTISWOODE, p. 47. Besides that notable voucher, master Hector Boece, the good archbishop might, had he been so minded, have referred to Fordun for the prophecy of King Alexander's death. That historian calls our bard "*ruralis ille vates.*"—FORDUN, lib. x. cap. 40.

What Spottiswoode calls "the prophecies extant in Scottish rhyme," are the metrical predictions ascribed to the prophet of Ercildoun, which, with many other compositions of the same nature, bearing the names of Bede, Merlin, Gildas, and other approved soothsayers, are contained in one small volume, published by Andro Hart, at

Edinburgh, 1615. The late excellent Lord Hailes made these compositions the subject of a dissertation, published in his *Remarks on the History of Scotland.* His attention is chiefly directed to the celebrated prophecy of our bard, mentioned by Bishop Spottiswoode, bearing, that the crowns of England and Scotland should be united in the person of a king, son of a French queen, and related to Bruce in the ninth degree. Lord Hailes plainly proves, that this prophecy is perverted from its original purpose, in order to apply it to the succession of James VI. The ground-work of the forgery is to be found in the prophecies of Berlington, contained in the same collection, and runs thus:

Of Bruce's left side shall spring out as a leafe,
As neere as the ninth degree;
And shall be fleemed of faire Scotland,
In France farre beyond the sea,
And then shall come againe ryding,
With eyes that many men may see.
At Aberladie he shall light,
With hempen helteres and horse of tree.

— — —

However it happen for to fall,
The lyon shall be lord of all;
The French quen shal beare the sonne,
Shal rule all Brittaine to the sea;
Ane from the Bruce's blood shal come also,
As neere as the ninth degree.

— — —

Yet shal there come a keene knight over the salt sea,
A keene man of courage and bold man of armes;
A duke's son doubled (*i. e.* dubbed,) a borne man in France,
That shall our mirths augment, and mend all our harmes;

After the date of our Lord 1513, and thrice three thereafter ;
Which shall brooke all the broad isle to himself,
Between 13 and thrice three the threip shal be ended,
The Saxons sall never recover after.

There cannot be any doubt, that this prophecy was intended to excite the confidence of the Scottish nation in the Duke of Albany, regent of Scotland, who arrived from France in 1515, two years after the death of James IV. in the fatal field of Flodden. The regent was descended of Bruce by the left, *i. e.* by the female side, within the ninth degree. His mother was daughter of the Earl of Boulogne, his father banished from his country—"fleemit "of fair Scotland." His arrival must necessarily be by sea, and his landing was expected at Aberlady, in the Frith of Forth. He was a duke's son, dubbed knight; and nine years, from 1513, are allowed him, by the pretended prophet, for the accomplishment of the salvation of his country, and the exaltation of Scotland over her sister and rival. All this was a pious fraud, to excite the confidence and spirit of the country.

The prophecy, put in the name of our Thomas the Rhymer, as it stands in Hart's book, refers to a later period. The narrator meets the Rhymer upon a land beside a lee, who shows him many emblomatical visions, described in no mean strain of poetry. They chiefly relate to the fields of Flodden and Pinkie, to the national distress which followed these defeats, and to future hal-

cyon days, which are promised to Scotland. One quotation or two will be sufficient to establish this fully:

> Our Scotish king sal come ful keene,
> The red lyon beareth he;
> A feddered arrow sharp, I weene,
> Shal make him winke and warre to see.
> Out of the field he shall ne led
> When he is bludie and woe for blood;
> Yet to his men shall he say,
> "For God's luve, turn you againe,
> "And give yon sutherne folk a frey!
> "Why should I lose the right is mine?
> "My date is not to die this day."—

Who can doubt, for a moment, that this refers to the battle of Flodden, and to the popular reports concerning the doubtful fate of James IV.? Allusion is immediately afterwards made to the death of George Douglas, heir apparent of Angus, who fought and fell with his sovereign:

> The sternes three that day shall die,
> That bears the hart in silver sheen.

The well-known arms of the Douglas family are the heart and three stars. In another place, the battle of Pinkie is expressly mentioned by name:

> At Pinken Cluch there shall be spilt
> Much gentle blood that day;
> There shall the bear lose the guilt,
> And the engill bear it away.

To the end of all this allegorical and mystical rhapsody, is interpolated, in the later edition by Andro Hart, a new edition of Berlington's verses, before quoted, altered and manufactured so as to bear reference to the accession of James VI. which had just then taken place. The insertion is made, with a peculiar degree of awkwardness, betwixt a question, put by the narrator, concerning the name and abode of the person who shewed him these strange matters, and the answer of the prophet to that question:

"Then to the Bairne could I say,
Where dwells thou, or in what countrie?
[Or who shall rule the isle of Britane,
From the north to the south sey?
A French queene shall beare the sonne,
Shall rule all Britane to the sea;
Which of the Bruce's blood shall come,
As neere as the nint degree:
I frained fast what was his name,
Where that he came, from what country.]
In Erslington I dwell at hame,
Thomas Rymour men cals me."

There is surely no one, who will not conclude, with Lord Hailes, that the eight lines, inclosed in brackets, are a clumsy interpolation, borrowed from Berlington, with such alterations as might render the supposed prophecy applicable to the union of the crowns.

While we are on this subject, it may be proper briefly to notice the scope of some of the other predictions in Hart's collection. As the prophecy of Berlington was

intended to raise the spirits of the nation, during the regency of Albany, so those of Sybilla and Eltraine refer to that of the Earl of Arran, afterwards Duke of Chatelherault, during the minority of Mary, a period of similar calamity. This is obvious from the following verses:

> Take a thousand in calculation,
> And the lougest of the lyon,
> Four crescents under one crowne,
> With Saint Andrew's crose thrise,
> Then threescore and thrise three:
> Take tent to Merling truely,
> Then shall the warres ended be,
> And never againe rise.
>
> In that yere there shall a king,
> A duke, and no crowned king;
> Because the prince shall be yong,
> And tender of yeares.

The date, above hinted at, seems to be 1549, when the Scottish regent, by means of some succours derived from France, was endeavouring to repair the consequences of the fatal battle of Pinkie. Allusion is made to the supply given to the "Moldwarte (England) by the fained "hart" (the Earl of Angus.) The regent is described by his bearing the antelope; large supplies are promised from France, and complete conquest predicted to Scotland and her allies. Thus was the same hackneyed stratagem repeated, whenever the interest of the rulers appeared to stand in need of it. The regent was not, indeed, till after this period, created Duke of Chatelherault; but that honour was the object of his hopes and expectations.

The name of our renowned soothsayer is liberally used as an authority, throughout all the prophecies published by Andro Hart. Besides those expressly put in his name, Gildas, another assumed personage, is supposed to derive his knowledge from him; for he concludes thus:

> " True Thomas me told in a troublesome time
> " In a harvest morn at Eldoun hills."
> *The Prophecy of Gildas.*

In the prophecy of Berlington, already quoted, we are told,

> " Marvellous Merling, that many men of tells,
> " And Thomas's sayings comes all at once."

While I am upon the subject of these prophecies, may I be permitted to call the attention of antiquaries to Merdwynn Wyllt, or *Merlin the Wild*, in whose name, and by no means in that of Ambrose Merlin, the friend of Arthur, the Scottish prophecies are issued. That this personage resided at Drummelziar, and roamed, like a second Nebuchadnezzar, the woods of Tweeddale, in remorse for the death of his nephew, we learn from Fordun. In the *Scotichronicon*, lib. 8, cap. 31, is an account of an interview betwixt St Kentigern and Merlin, then in this distracted and miserable state. He is said to have been called *Lailoken*, from his mode of life. On being commanded by the saint to give an account of himself, he says, that the penance, which he performs,

was imposed on him by a voice from heaven, during a bloody contest betwixt Lidel and Carwanolow, of which battle he had been the cause. According to his own prediction, he perished at once by wood, earth, and water; for, being pursued with stones by the rustics, he fell from a rock into the river Tweed, and was transfixed by a sharp stake, fixed there for the purpose of extending a fishing net:

Sude perfossus, lapide percussus et undâ
Haec tria Merlinum fertur inire necem.
Sicque ruit, mersusque fuit lignoque perpendi,
Et fecit vatem per terna pericula verum.

But, in a metrical history of Merlin of Caledonia, compiled by Geoffrey of Monmouth, from the traditions of the Welch bards, this mode of death is attributed to a page, whom Merlin's sister, desirous to convict the prophet of falsehood, because he had betrayed her intrigues, introduced to him, under three various disguises, enquiring each time in what manner the person should die. To the first demand Merlin answered, the party should perish by a fall from a rock; to the second, that he should die by a tree; and, to the third, that he should be drowned. The youth perished, while hunting, in the mode imputed by Fordun to Merlin himself.

Fordun, contrary to the Welch authorities, confounds this person with the Merlin of Arthur; but concludes by informing us, that many believed him to be a different person. The grave of Merlin is pointed out at Drummelziar, in Tweeddale, beneath an aged thorn-tree. On the

east side of the church-yard, the brook, called Pausayl, falls into the Tweed; and the following prophecy is said to have been current concerning their union:

> When Tweed and Pausayl join at Merlin's grave,
> Scotland and England shall one monarch have.

On the day of the coronation of James VI. the Tweed accordingly overflowed, and joined the Pausayl at the prophet's grave.---PENNYCUICK's *History of Tweeddale*, p. 26. These circumstances would seem to infer a communication betwixt the south-west of Scotland and Wales, of a nature peculiarly intimate; for I presume that Merlin would retain sense enough to chuse, for the scene of his wanderings, a country having a language and manners similar to his own.

Be this as it may, the memory of Merlin Sylvester, or the Wild, was fresh among the Scots during the reign of James V. Waldhave,* under whose name a set of prophecies was published, describes himself as lying upon Lomond Law; he hears a voice, which bids him stand to his defence; he looks around, and beholds a flock of hares and foxes† pursued over the mountain by a savage

* I do not know whether the person here meant, be Waldhave, an abbot of Melrose, who died in the odour of sanctity, about 1160.

† The strange occupation, in which Waldhave beholds Merlin engaged, derives some illustration from a curious passage in Geoffrey of Monmouth's life of Merlin, above quoted. The poem, after narrating that the prophet had fled to the forests in a state of dis-

figure, to whom he can hardly give the name of man. At the sight of Waldhave, the apparition leaves the objects of his pursuit, and assaults him with a club. Waldhave defends himself with his sword, throws the savage to the earth, and refuses to let him arise till he swear, by the law and lead he lives upon, "to do him no harm." This done, he permits him to arise, and marvels at his strange appearance:

traction, proceeds to mention, that, looking upon the stars one clear evening, he discerned, from his astrological knowledge, that his wife, Guendolen, had resolved, upon the next morning, to take another husband. As he had presaged to her that this would happen, and had promised her a nuptial gift (cautioning her, however, to keep the bridegroom out of his sight,) he now resolved to make good his word. Accordingly, he collected all the stags and lesser game in his neighbourhood; and, having seated himself on a buck, drove the herd before him to the capital of Cumberland, where Guendolen resided. But her lover's curiosity leading him to inspect too nearly this extraordinary cavalcade, Merlin's rage was awakened, and he slew him, with the stroke of an antler of the stag. The original runs thus:

Dixerat: et silvas et saltus circuit omnes,
Cervorumque greges agmen collegit in unum,
Et dumas, capreasque simul, cervoque resedit;
Et venante die, compellens agmina præ se,
Festinans vadit quo mihit Guendoleena.
Postquam venit eo, pacienter exegit
Cervos ante fores, proclamans, "Guendoleena,
"Guendoleana, veni, te talia munera spectant."
Oclus ergo venit subridens Guendoleena
Gestarique virum cervo miratur, et illum
Sic parere viro, tantum quoque posse ferarum
Unari numerum quas præ se solus agebat,
Sicut pastor oves, quas ducere sueVit ad herbas.
Stabat ab excelso, sponsus spectando fenestra

" He was formed like a freike (man) all his four quarters;
" And then his chin and his face haired so thick,
" With haire growing so grime, fearful to see."

He answers briefly to Waldhave's enquiry, concerning his name and nature, that he " drees his weird," *i. e.* does penance, in that wood; and having hinted that questions as to his own state are offensive, he pours forth an obscure rhapsody concerning futurity, and concludes,

" Go musing upon Merling if thou wilt;
" For I mean no more man at this time."

This is exactly similar to the meeting betwixt Merlin and Kentigern, in Fordun. These prophecies of Merlin seem to have been in request in the minority of James V.; for, among the amusements, with which Sir David Lindsay diverted that prince during his infancy, are,

The prophecies of Rymer, Bede, and Merlin.
Sir David Lindsay's epistle to the king.

In solio mirans equitem risumque movebat.
Ast ubi vidit eum vates, animoque quis esset,
Calluit, extemplo divulsit cornua cervo
Quo gestabatur, vibratoque jecit in illum,
Et caput illius penitus contrivit, eumque
Reddidit exanimem, vitamque fugavit in auras;
Ocius inde suum, talorum verbere, cervum
Diffugiens egit, silvasque rodire paravit.

For a perusal of this curious poem, accurately copied from a MS. in the Cotton. library, nearly coeval with the author, I was indebted to my learned friend, the late Mr Ritson. There is an excellent paraphrase of it in the curious and entertaining *Specimens of Early English Romances*, lately published by Mr Ellis.

And we find, in Waldhave at least one allusion to the very ancient prophecy, addressed to the Countess of Dunbar:

> This is a true token that Thomas of tells,
> When a ladde with a ladye shall go over the fields.

The original stands thus:

> When laddes weddeth lovedies.

Another prophecy of Merlin seems to have been current about the time of the regent Morton's execution.—When that nobleman was committed to the charge of his accuser, Captain James Stewart, newly created Earl of Arran, to be conducted to his trial at Edinburgh, Spottiswoode says that he asked, "Who was Earl of Arran?" "and being answered that Captain James was the man, "after a short pause he said, 'And is it so? I know "then what I may look for!' meaning, as was thought, "that the old prophecy of the 'Falling of the heart* by "the mouth of Arran,' should then be fulfilled. Whe- "ther this was his mind or not, it is not known; but "some spared not, at the time when the Hamiltons were "banished, in which business he was held too earnest, "to say, that he stood in fear of that prediction, and "went that course only to disappoint it. But, if so it "was, he did find himself now deluded; for he fell by

* The heart was the cognizance of Morton.

"the mouth of another Arran than he imagined."—Spottiswoode, 313. The fatal words, alluded to, seem to be these in the prophecy of Merlin:

> "In the mouth of Arrane a selcouth shall fall,
> "Two bloodie hearts shall be taken with a false traine,
> "And derfly dung down without any dome.

To return from these desultory remarks, into which the editor has been led by the celebrated name of Merlin, the style of all these prophecies, published by Hart, is very much the same. The measure is alliterative, and somewhat similar to that of *Pierce Plowman's Visions*; a circumstance, which might entitle us to ascribe to some of them an earlier date than the reign of James V. did we not know that *Sir Galloran of Galloway*, and *Gawaine and Gologras*, two romances rendered almost unintelligible by the extremity of affected alliteration, are perhaps not prior to that period. Indeed, although we may allow, that, during much earlier times, prophecies, under the names of those celebrated soothsayers, have been current in Scotland, yet those published by Hart have obviously been so often vamped and re-vamped, to serve the political purposes of different periods, that it may be shrewdly suspected, that, as in the case of Sir John Cutler's transmigrated stockings, very little of the original materials now remains. I cannot refrain from indulging my readers with the publisher's title to the last prophe-

cy; as it contains certain curious information concerning the queen of Sheba, who is identified with the Cumæan Sybil: "Here followeth a prophecie, pronounced "by a noble queene and matron, called Sybilla, Regina "Austri, that came to Solomon. Through the which "she compiled four bookes, at the instance and request "of the said king Sol. and others divers: and the fourth "book was directed to a noble king, called Baldwine, "king of the broad isle of Britain; in the which she "maketh mention of two noble princes and emperours, "the which is called Leones. How these two shall subdue, and overcome all earthlie princes to their diademe "and crowne, and also be glorified and crowned in the "heaven among saints. The first of these two is Constantinus Magnus; that was Leprosus, the son of Saint "Helene, that found the croce. The second is the sixt "king of the name of Steward of Scotland, the which "is our most noble king." With such editors and commentators, what wonder that the text became unintelligible, even beyond the usual oracular obscurity of prediction?

If there still remain, therefore, among these predictions, any verses having a claim to real antiquity, it seems now impossible to discover them from those which are comparatively modern. Nevertheless, as there are to be found, in these compositions, some uncommonly wild and masculine expressions, the editor has been induced to throw a few passages together, into the sort of ballad

to which this disquisition is prefixed. It would, indeed, have been no difficult matter for him, by a judicious selection, to have excited, in favour of Thomas of Erceldoune, a share of the admiration, bestowed by sundry wise persons upon Mass Robert Fleming. For example:

"But then the lilye shal be loused when they least think;
Then clear king's blood shal quake for fear of death;
For churls shal chop off heads of their chief beirns,
And carfe of the crowns that Christ hath appointed.
— — — — —
Thereafter on every side sorrow shal arise;
The barges of clear barons down shal be sunken;
Seculars shall sit in spiritual seats,
Occupying offices anointed as they were."

Taking the lilye for the emblem of France, can there be a more plain prophecy of the murder of her monarch, the destruction of her nobility, and the desolation of her hierarchy?

But, without looking farther into the signs of the times, the editor, though the least of all the prophets, cannot help thinking, that every true Briton will approve of his application of the last prophecy quoted in the ballad.

Harte's collection of prophecies has been frequently reprinted within the century, probably to favour the pretensions of the unfortunate family of Stewart. For the prophetic renown of Gildas and Bede, see FORDUN, lib. 3.

Before leaving the subject of Thomas's predictions, it may be noticed, that sundry rhymes, passing for his prophetic effusions, are still current among the vulgar. Thus,

he is said to have prophesied of the very ancient family of Haig of Bemerside,

> Betide, betide, whate'er betide,
> Haig shall be Haig of Bemerside.

The grandfather of the present proprietor of Bemerside had twelve daughters, before his lady brought him a male heir. The common people trembled for the credit of their favourite soothsayer. The late Mr Haig was at length born, and their belief in the prophecy confirmed beyond a shadow of doubt.

Another memorable prophecy bore, that the Old Kirk at Kelso, constructed out of the ruins of the abbey, should fall when "at the fullest." At a very crowded sermon, about thirty years ago, a piece of lime fell from the roof of the church. The alarm, for the fulfilment of the words of the seer, became universal; and happy were they who were nearest the door of the predestined edifice. The church was in consequence deserted, and has never since had an opportunity of tumbling upon a full congregation. I hope, for the sake of a beautiful specimen of Saxo-Gothick architecture, that the accomplishment of this prophecy is far distant.

Another prediction, ascribed to the Rhymer, seems to have been founded on that sort of insight into futurity, possessed by most men of a sound and combining judgement. It runs thus:

> At Eildon Tree if you shall be,
> A brigg ower Tweed you there may see.

The spot in question commands an extensive prospect of the course of the river; and it was easy to foresee, that, when the country should become in the least degree improved, a bridge would be somewhere thrown over the stream. In fact, you now see no less than three bridges from that elevated situation.

Corspatrick (Comes Patrick,) Earl of March, but more commonly taking his title from his castle of Dunbar, acted a noted part during the wars of Edward I. in Scotland. As Thomas of Erceldoune is said to have delivered to him his famous prophecy of King Alexander's death, the author has chosen to introduce him into the following ballad. All the prophetic verses are selected from Harte's publication.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART SECOND.

When seven years were come and gane,
The sun blinked fair on pool and stream;
And Thomas lay on Huntlie bank,
Like one awakened from a dream.

He heard the trampling of a steed,
He saw the flash of armour flee,
And he beheld a gallant knight,
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

He was a stalwart knight, and strong;
Of giant make he 'peared to be:
He stirred his horse as he were wode,
Wi' gilded spurs, of faushion free.

Says—" Well met, well met, true Thomas!
Some uncouth ferlies shew to me."—
Says—" Christ thee save, Corspatrick brave!
Thrice welcome, good Dunbar, to me!

" Light down, light down, Corspatrick brave,
And I will shew thee curses three,
Shall gar fair Scotland greet and grane,
And change the green to the black livery.

" A storm shall roar, this very hour,
From Rosse's Hills to Solway sea."—
" Ye lied, ye lied, ye warlock hoar!
For the sun shines sweet on fauld and lea."—

He put his hand on the earlie's head;
He shewed him a rock, beside the sea,
Where a king lay stiff, beneath his steed,*
And steel-dight nobles wiped their e'e.

" The niest curse lights on Branxton Hills:
By Flodden's high and heathery side,
Shall wave a banner, red as blude,
And chieftains throng wi' meikle pride.

* King Alexander; killed by a fall from his horse, near Kinghorn.

"A Scottish king shall come full keen;
The ruddy lion beareth he:
A feathered arrow sharp, I ween,
Shall make him wink and warre to see.

"When he is bloody, and all to bledde,
Thus to his men he still shall say—
'For God's sake, turn ye back again,
And give yon southern folk a fray!
Why should I lose the right is mine?
My doom is not to die this day.'*

"Yet turn ye to the eastern hand,
And woe and wonder ye sall see;
How forty thousand spearmen stand,
Where yon rank river meets the sea.

"There shall the lion lose the gylte,
And the libbards bear it clean away;
At Pinkyn Cleuch there shall be spilt
Much gentil blude that day."—

* The uncertainty which long prevailed in Scotland, concerning the fate of James IV., is well known.

"Enough, enough, of curse and ban;
Some blessing shew thou now to me,
Or, by the faith o' my bodie," Corspatrick said,
"Ye shall rue the day ye e'er saw me!"—

"The first of blessings I shall thee shew,
Is by a burn, that's called of bread;*
Where Saxon men shall tine the bow,
And find their arrows lack the head.

"Beside that brigg, out-ower that burn,
Where the water bickereth bright and sheen,
Shall many a falling courser spurn,
And knights shall die in battle keen.

"Beside a headless cross of stone,
The libbards there shall lose the gree;
The raven shall come, the erne shall go,
And drink the Saxon blood sae free.
The cross of stone they shall not know,
So thick the corses there shall be."—

* One of Thomas's rhymes, preserved by tradition, runs thus:

"The burn of breid
Shall run fow reid."

Bannock-burn is the brook here meant. The Scots give the name of *bannock* to a thick round cake of unleavened bread.

"But tell me now," said brave Dunbar,
"True Thomas, tell now unto me,
What man shall rule the isle Britain,
Even from the north to the southern sea?"—

"A French queen shall bear the son,
Shall rule all Britain to the sea:
He of the Bruce's blude shall come,
As near as in the ninth degree.

"The waters worship shall his race;
Likewise the waves of the farthest sea;
For they shall ride ower ocean wide,
With hempen bridles, and horse of tree."—

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART THIRD—MODERN.

THOMAS THE RHYMER was renowned among his contemporaries, as the author of the celebrated romance of *Sir Tristrem*. Of this once admired poem only one copy is now known to exist, which is in the Advocates' Library. The author, in 1804, published a small edition of this curious work; which, if it does not revive the reputation of the bard of Ercildoune, is at least the earliest specimen of Scottish poetry, hitherto published. Some account of this romance has already been given to the world in MR ELLIS's *Specimens of Ancient Poetry*, vol. I. p. 165, 3d, p. 410; a work, to which our predecessors and our posterity are alike obliged; the former, for the preservation of the best selected examples of their poetical taste; and the latter, for a history of the English

language, which will only cease to be interesting with the existence of our mother-tongue, and all that genius and learning have recorded in it. It is sufficient here to mention, that, so great was the reputation of the romance of *Sir Tristrem*, that few were thought capable of reciting it after the manner of the author—a circumstance alluded to by Robert de Brunne, the annalist:

I see in song, in sedgeyng tale,
Of Erceldoun, and of Kendale.
Now thame says as they thame wroght,
And in thare saying it semes nocht.
That thou may here in Sir Tristrem,
Over gestes it has the steme,
Over all that is or was;
If men it said as made Thomas, &c.

It appears, from a very curious MS. of the thirteenth century, *penes* Mr Douce, of London, containing a French metrical romance of *Sir Tristrem*, that the work of our Thomas the Rhymer was known, and referred to, by the minstrels of Normandy and Bretagne. Having arrived at a part of the romance, where reciters were wont to differ in the mode of telling the story, the French bard expressly cites the authority of the poet of Erceldoune:

Plusurs de nus granter ne volent,
Co que del naim dire se solent,
Ki femme Kaherdin dut aimer,
Li naim redut Tristram narrer,
E entuché par grant engin,
Quant il afole Kaherdin;
Pur cest plaie e pur cest mal,
Enveiad Tristran Guvernal,

En Engleterre pur Ysolt
THOMAS ico granter ne volt,
Et si volt par raisun mostrer,
Qu' ico ne put pas esteer, &c.

The tale of *Sir Tristrem*, as narrated in the Edinburgh MS. is totally different from the voluminous romance in prose, originally compiled on the same subject by Rusticien de Puise, and analysed by M. de Tressan; but agrees in every essential particular with the metrical performance, just quoted, which is a work of much higher antiquity.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART THIRD.

When seven years more had come and gone,
Was war through Scotland spread,
And Ruberslaw shewed high Dunyon
His beacon blazing red.

Then all by bonny Coldingknow,
Pitched palliouns took their room,
And crested helms, and spears a rowe,
Glanced gaily through the broom.

The Leader, rolling to the Tweed,
Resounds the ensenzie;*
They roused the deer from Caddenhead,
To distant Torwoodlee.

* *Ensenzie*—War-cry, or gathering word.

The feast was spread in Ercildoune,
In Learmont's high and ancient hall;
And there were knights of great renown,
And ladies, laced in pall.

Nor lacked they, while they sat at dine,
The music, nor the tale,
Nor goblets of the blood-red wine,
Nor mantling quaighs * of ale.

True Thomas rose, with harp in hand,
When as the feast was done;
(In minstrel strife, in Fairy Land,
The elfin harp he won.)

Hushed were the throng, both limb and tongue,
And harpers for envy pale;
And armed lords leaned on their swords,
And hearkened to the tale.

In numbers high, the witching tale
The prophet poured along;
No after bard might e'er avail †
Those numbers to prolong.

* *Quaighs*—Wooden cups, composed of staves hooped together.
† See introduction to this ballad.

Yet fragments of the lofty strain
  Float down the tide of years,
As, buoyant on the stormy main,
  A parted wreck appears.

He sung King Arthur's table round:
  The warrior of the lake;
How courteous Gawaine met the wound,
  And bled for ladies' sake.

But chief, in gentle Tristrem's praise,
  The notes melodious swell;
Was none excelled, in Arthur's days,
  The knight of Lionelle.

For Marke, his cowardly uncle's right,
  A venomed wound he bore;
When fierce Morholde he slew in fight,
  Upon the Irish shore.

No art the poison might withstand;
  No medicine could be found,
Till lovely Isolde's lily hand
  Had probed the rankling wound.

With gentle hand and soothing tongue
  She bore the leech's part;
And, while she o'er his sick-bed hung,
  He paid her with his heart.

O fatal was the gift, I ween!
  For, doomed in evil tide,
The maid must be rude Cornwall's queen,
  His cowardly uncle's bride.

Their loves, their woes, the gifted bard
  In fairy tissue wove;
Where lords, and knights, and ladies bright,
  In gay confusion strove.

The Garde Joyeuse, amid the tale,
  High reared its glittering head;
And Avalon's enchanted vale
  In all its wonders spread.

Brengwain was there, and Segramore,
  And fiend-born Merlin's grammarye;
Of that famed wizard's mighty lore,
  O who could sing but he?

Through many a maze the winning song
In changeful passion led,
Till bent at length the listening throng
O'er Tristrem's dying bed.

His ancient wounds their scars expand;
With agony his heart is wrung:
O where is Isolde's lily hand,
And where her soothing tongue?

She comes, she comes! like flash of flame
Can lovers' footsteps fly:
She comes, she comes!—she only came
To see her Tristrem die.

She saw him die: her latest sigh
Joined in a kiss his parting breath:
The gentlest pair, that Britain bare,
United are in death.

There paused the harp; its lingering sound
Died slowly on the ear;
The silent guests still bent around,
For still they seemed to hear.

Then woe broke forth in murmurs weak,
Nor ladies heaved alone the sigh;
But, half-ashamed, the rugged cheek
Did many a gauntlet dry.

On Leader's stream, and Learmont's tower,
The mists of evening close;
In camp, in castle, or in bower,
Each warrior sought repose.

Lord Douglas, in his lofty tent,
Dreamed o'er the woeful tale;
When footsteps light, across the bent,
The warrior's ears assail.

He starts, he wakes:—"What, Richard, ho!
Arise, my page, arise!
What venturous wight, at dead of night,
Dare step where Douglas lies!"—

Then forth they rushed: by Leader's tide,
A selcouth* sight they see—
A hart and hind pace side by side,
As white as snow on Fairnalie.

* *Selcouth*—Wondrous.

Beneath the moon, with gesture proud,
They stately move and slow;
Nor scare they at the gathering crowd,
Who marvel as they go.

To Learmont's tower a message sped,
As fast as page might run;
And Thomas started from his bed,
And soon his cloaths did on.

First he woxe pale, and then woxe red;
Never a word he spake but three;—
"My sand is run; my thread is spun;
This sign regardeth me."—

The elfin harp his neck around,
In minstrel guise, he hung;
And on the wind, in doleful sound,
Its dying accents rung.

Then forth he went, yet turned him oft
To view his ancient hall;
On the grey tower, in lustre soft,
The autumn moon-beams fall.

And Leader's waves, like silver sheen,
Danced shimmering in the ray:
In deepening mass, at distance seen,
Broad Soltra's mountains lay.

"Farewell, my father's ancient tower!'
A long farewell," said he:
"The scene of pleasure, pomp, or power,
Thou never more shalt be.

"To Learmont's name no foot of earth
Shall here again belong;
And on thy hospitable hearth
The hare shall leave her young.

"Adieu! Adieu!" again he cried,
All as he turned him roun'—
"Farewell to Leader's silver tide!
Farewell to Ercildoune!"—

The hart and hind approached the place,
As lingering yet he stood;
And there, before Lord Douglas' face,
With them he crossed the flood.

Lord Douglas leaped on his berry-brown steed,
And spurred him the Leader o'er;
But, though he rode with lightning speed,
He never saw them more.

Some sayd to hill, and some to glen,
Their wondrous course had been;
But ne'er in haunts of living men
Again was Thomas seen.

NOTES

ON

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART THIRD.

And Ruberslaw shewed high Dunyon.—P. 123. v. 1.

Ruberslaw and Dunyon are two high hills above Jedburgh.

Then all by bonny Coldingknow.—P. 124. v. 2.

An ancient tower near Ercildoune, belonging to a family of the name of Home. One of Thomas's prophecies is said to have run thus:

Vengeance! vengeance!—when and where?
On the house of Coldingknow, now and ever mair!

The spot is rendered classical by its having given name to the beautiful melody, called the *Broom o' the Cowdenknows.*

They roused the deer from Caddenhead,
To distant Torwoodlee.—P. 123. v. 3.

Torwoodlee and Caddenhead are places in Selkirkshire.

How courteous Gawaine met the wound.—P. 125. v. 2.

See, in the *Fabliaux* of Monsieur le Grand, elegantly translated by the late Gregory Way, Esq., the tale of the *Knight and the Sword.*

As white as snow on Fairnalie.—P. 128. v. 5.

An ancient seat upon the Tweed, in Selkirkshire. In a popular edition of the first part of Thomas the Rhymer, the fairy queen thus addresses him:

"Gin ye wad meet wi' me again,
"Gang to the bonny banks of Fairnalie."

THE

FIRE-KING.

" The blessings of the evil Genii, which are curses, were upon him." *Eastern Tale.*

This ballad was written at the request of MR LEWIS, *to be inserted in his* " Tales of Wonder." *It is the third in a series of four ballads, on the subject of Elementary Spirits. The story is, however, partly historical; for it is recorded, that, during the struggles of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem, a knight-templar, called Saint-Alban, deserted to the Saracens, and defeated the Christians in many combats, till he was finally routed and slain, in a conflict with King Baldwin, under the walls of Jerusalem.*

BOLD knights and fair dames, to my harp give an ear,
Of love, and of war, and of wonder to hear;
And you haply may sigh, in the midst of your glee,
At the tale of Count Albert, and fair Rosalie.

O see you that castle, so strong and so high?
And see you that lady, the tear in her eye?
And see you that palmer, from Palestine's land,
The shell on his hat, and the staff in his hand?—

"Now palmer, grey palmer, O tell unto me,
What news bring you home from the Holy Countrie?
And how goes the warfare by Gallilee's strand?
And how fare our nobles, the flower of the land?"—

"O well goes the warfare by Gallilee's wave,
For Gilead, and Nablous, and Ramah we have;
And well fare our nobles by Mount Lebanon,
For the Heathen have lost, and the Christians have won."—

A fair chain of gold 'mid her ringlets there hung;
O'er the palmer's grey locks the fair chain has she flung:
"Oh palmer, grey palmer, this chain be thy fee,
For the news thou hast brought from the Holy Countrie.

"And palmer, good palmer, by Gallilee's wave,
O saw ye Count Albert, the gentle and brave?
When the Crescent went back, and the Red-cross rushed on,
O saw ye him foremost on Mount Lebanon?"—

" O lady, fair lady, the tree green it grows;
O lady, fair lady, the stream pure it flows;
Your castle stands strong, and your hopes soar on high;
But lady, fair lady, all blossoms to die.

" The green boughs they wither, the thunderbolt falls,
It leaves of your castle but levin-scorched walls;
The pure stream runs muddy; the gay hope is gone;
Count Albert is prisoner on Mount Lebanon."—

O she's ta'en a horse, should be fleet at her speed;
And she's ta'en a sword, should be sharp at her need;
And she has ta'en shipping for Palestine's land,
To ransom Count Albert from Soldaurie's hand.

Small thought had Count Albert on fair Rosalie,
Small thought on his faith, or his knighthood, had he,
A heathenish damsel his light heart had won,
The Soldan's fair daughter of Mount Lebanon.

" O Christian, brave Christian, my love would'st thou be,
Three things must thou do ere I hearken to thee:
Our laws and our worship on thee shalt thou take:
And this thou shalt first do for Zulema's sake.

" And, next, in the cavern, where burns evermore
The mystical flame which the Curdmans adore,
Alone, and in silence, three nights shalt thou wake;
And this thou shalt next do for Zulema's sake.

" And, last, thou shalt aid us with council and hand,
To drive the Frank robber from Palestine's land;
For my lord and my love then Count Albert I'll take,
When all this is accomplished for Zulema's sake."—

He has thrown by his helmet and cross-handled sword,
Renouncing his knighthood, denying his Lord;
He has ta'en the green caftan, and turban put on,
For the love of the maiden of fair Lebanon.

And in the dread cavern, deep deep under ground,
Which fifty steel gates and steel portals surround,
He has watched until day-break; but sight saw he none,
Save the flame burning bright on its altar of stone.

Amazed was the princess, the Soldan amazed,
Sore murmured the priests as on Albert they gazed;
They searched all his garments, and, under his weeds,
They found, and took from him, his rosary beads.

Again in the cavern, deep deep under ground,
He watched the lone night, while the winds whistled round;
Far off was their murmur, it came not more nigh,
The flame burned unmoved, and nought else did he spy.

Loud murmured the priests, and amazed was the King,
While many dark spells of their witchcraft they sing;
They searched Albert's body, and, lo! on his breast
Was the sign of the Cross, by his father impressed.

The priests they erase it with care and with pain,
And the recreant returned to the cavern again;
But, as he descended, a whisper there fell!—
It was his good angel that bade him farewell!

High bristled his hair, his heart fluttered and beat,
And he turned him five steps, half resolved to retreat;
But his heart it was hardened, his purpose was gone,
When he thought of the maiden of fair Lebanon.

Scarce passed he the archway, the threshold scarce trod,
When the winds from the four points of heaven were abroad;
They made each steel portal to rattle and ring,
And, borne on the blast, came the dread Fire-King.

Full sore rocked the cavern whene'er he drew nigh,
The fire on the altar blazed bickering and high;
In volcanic explosions the mountains proclaim
The dreadful approach of the Monarch of Flame.

Unmeasured in height, undistinguished in form,
His breath it was lightning, his voice it was storm;
I ween the stout heart of Count Albert was tame,
When he saw in his terrors the Monarch of Flame.

In his hand a broad faulchion blue-glimmer'd through smoke,
And Mount Lebanon shook as the monarch he spoke:—
"With this brand shalt thou conquer, thus long, and no more,
Till thou bend to the Cross, and the Virgin adore."—

The cloud-shrouded arm gives the weapon; and see!
The recreant receives the charmed gift on his knee:
The thunders grow distant, and faint gleam the fires,
As borne on his whirlwind, the Phantom retires.

Count Albert has armed him the Paynim among,
Though his heart it was false, yet his arm it was strong;
And the Red-cross waxed faint, and the Crescent came on,
From the day he commanded on Mount Lebanon.

From Lebanon's forests to Gallilee's wave,
The sands of Samaar drank the blood of the brave;
Till the Knights of the Temple, and Knights of Saint John,
With Salem's King Baldwin, against him came on.

The war-cymbals clattered, the trumpets replied,
The lances were couched, and they closed on each side;
And horsemen and horses Count Albert o'erthrew,
Till he pierced the thick tumult King Baldwin unto.

Against the charmed blade which Count Albert did wield,
The fence had been vain of the King's Red-Cross shield;
But a Page thrust him forward the monarch before,
And cleft the proud turban the renegade wore.

So fell was the dint, that Count Albert stooped low
Before the crossed shield, to his steel saddle-bow;
And scarce had he bent to the Red-cross his head,—
"*Bonne grace, notre Dame,*" he unwittingly said.

Sore sighed the charmed sword, for its virtue was o'er;
It sprung from his grasp, and was never seen more;
But true men have said, that the lightning's red wing
Did waft back the brand to the dread Fire-King.

He clenched his set teeth, and his gauntletted hand;
He stretched, with one buffet, that Page on the strand;
As back from the stripling the broken casque rolled,
You might see the blue eyes, and the ringlets of gold.

Short time had Count Albert in horror to stare
On those death-swimming eye-balls, and blood-clotted hair;
For down came the Templars, like Cedron in flood,
And dyed their long lances in Saracen blood.

The Saracens, Curdmans, and Ishmaelites yield
To the scallop, the saltier, and crosletted shield;
And the eagles were gorged with the infidel dead,
From Bethsaida's fountains to Naphthali's head.

The battle is over on Bethsaida's plain.—
Oh, who is yon Paynim lies stretched 'mid the slain?
And who is yon Page lying cold at his knee?—
Oh, who but Count Albert and fair Rosalie!

The Lady was buried in Salem's blessed bound,
The Count he was left to the vulture and hound:
Her soul to high mercy Our Ladye did bring;
His went on the blast to the dread Fire-king.

Yet many a minstrel, in harping, can tell,
How the Red-cross it conquered, the Crescent it fell;
And lords and gay ladies have sighed, 'mid their glee,
At the tale of Count Albert and fair Rosalie.

FREDERICK AND ALICE.

This tale is imitated, rather than translated, from a fragment introduced in Goethe's "Claudina von Villa Bella," *where it is sung by a member of a gang of banditti, to engage the attention of the family, while his companions break into the castle. It owes any little merit it may possess to my friend* Mr Lewis, *to whom it was sent in an extremely rude state; and who, after some material improvements, published it in his* "Tales of Wonder."

Frederick leaves the land of France,
Homeward hastes his steps to measure;
Careless casts the parting glance,
On the scene of former pleasure;

Joying in his prancing steed,
Keen to prove his untried blade,
Hope's gay dreams the soldier lead
Over mountain, moor, and glade.

Helpless, ruined, left forlorn,
Lovely Alice wept alone;
Mourned o'er love's fond contract torn,
Hope, and peace, and honour flown.

Mark her breast's convulsive throbs!
See, the tear of anguish flows!—
Mingling soon with bursting sobs,
Loud the laugh of frenzy rose.

Wild she cursed, and wild she prayed;
Seven long days and nights are o'er;
Death in pity brought his aid,
As the village bell struck four.

Far from her, and far from France,
Faithless Frederick onward rides;
Marking, blythe, the morning's glance
Mantling o'er the mountain's sides.

Heard ye not the boding sound,
As the tongue of yonder tower.
Slowly, to the hills around,
Told the fourth, the fated hour

Starts the steed, and snuffs the air,
  Yet no cause of dread appears;
Bristles high the rider's hair,
  Struck with strange mysterious fears.

Desperate, as his terrors rise,
  In the steed the spur he hides,
From himself in vain he flies;
  Anxious, restless, on he rides.

Seven long days, and seven long nights,
  Wild he wandered, woe the while!
Ceaseless care, and causeless fright,
  Urge his footsteps many a mile.

Dark the seventh sad night descends;
  Rivers swell, and rain-streams pour;
While the deafening thunder lends
  All the terrors of its roar.

Weary, wet, and spent with toil,
  Where his head shall Frederick hide?
Where, but in yon ruined aisle,
  By the lightning's flash descried.

To the portal, dank and low,
  Fast his steed the wanderer bound;
Down a ruined staircase slow,
  Next his darkling way he wound.

Long drear vaults before him lie!
  Glimmering lights are seen to glide!
" Blessed Mary, hear my cry!
  Deign a sinner's steps to guide!"

Often lost their quivering beam,
  Still the lights move slow before,
Till they rest their ghastly gleam
  Right against an iron door.

Thundering voices from within,
  Mixed with peals of laughter, rose;
As they fell, a solemn strain
  Lent its wild and wondrous close!

Midst the din, he seemed to hear
  Voice of friends, by death removed;—
Well he knew that solemn air,
  'Twas the lay that Alice loved.

Hark! for now a solemn knell
  Four times on the still night broke;
Four times, at its deadened swell,
  Echoes from the ruins spoke.

As the lengthened clangours die,
  Slowly opes the iron door!
Straight a banquet met his eye,
  But a funeral's form it wore!

Coffins for the seats extend;
  All with black the board was spread;
Girt by parent, brother, friend,
  Long since number'd with the dead!

Alice, in her grave-clothes bound,
  Ghastly smiling, points a seat;
All arose, with thundering sound;
  All the expected stranger greet.

High their meagre arms they wave,
  Wild their notes of welcome swell;
"Welcome, traitor, to the grave!
  Perjured, bid the light farewell!"—

THE

WILD HUNTSMEN.

THIS is a translation, or rather an imitation, of the *Wilde Jäger* of the German poet Burger. The tradition upon which it is founded bears, that formerly a Wildgrave, or keeper of a royal forest, named Falkenburg, was so much addicted to the pleasures of the chace, and otherwise so extremely profligate and cruel, that he not only followed this unhallowed amusement on the Sabbath, and other days consecrated to religious duty, but accompanied it with the most unheard-of oppression upon the poor peasants, who were under his vassalage. When this second Nimrod died, the people adopted a superstition, founded probably on the many various uncouth sounds, heard in the depth of a German forest during the silence of the night. They conceived they still heard the cry of the Wildgrave's hounds; and the well-known cheer of

the deceased hunter, the sounds of his horse's feet, and the rustling of the branches before the game, the pack, and the sportsmen, are also distinctly discriminated; but the phantoms are rarely, if ever, visible. Once, as a benighted *Chasseur* heard this infernal chace pass by him, at the sound of the halloo, with which the Spectre Huntsman cheered his hounds, he could not refrain from crying, "*Gluck zu, Falkenburg!*" (Good sport to ye, Falkenburg!) "Dost thou wish me good sport!" answered a hoarse voice, "thou shalt share the game;" and there was thrown at him what seemed to be a huge piece of foul carrion. The daring *Chasseur* lost two of his best horses soon after, and never perfectly recovered the personal effects of this ghostly greeting. This tale, though told with some variations, is universally believed all over Germany.

The French had a similar tradition concerning an aërial hunter, who infested the forest of Fontainbleau. He was sometimes visible; when he appeared as a huntsman, surrounded with dogs, a tall grisly figure. Some account of him may be found in "Sully's Memoirs," who says he was called, *Le Grand Veneur*. At one time he chose to hunt so near the palace, that the attendants, and, if I mistake not, Sully himself, came out into the court, supposing it was the sound of the king returning from the chace. This phantom is elsewhere called Saint Hubert.

This superstition seems to have been very general, as appears from the following fine poetical description

of this phantom chace, as it was heard in the wilds of Rossshire :—

"Ere since, of old, the haughty thanes of Ross,—
So to the simple swain tradition tells,—
Were wont with clans, and ready vassals thronged,
To wake the bounding stag, or guilty wolf,
There oft is heard, at midnight, or at noon,
Beginning faint, but rising still more loud,
And nearer, voice of hunters, and of hounds,
And horns, hoarse winded, blowing far and keen:—
Forthwith the hubbub multiplies; the gale
Labours with wilder shrieks, and rifer din
Of hot pursuit; the broken cry of deer
Mangled by throttling dogs; the shouts of men,
And hoofs, thick beating on the hollow hill.
Sudden the grazing heifer in the vale
Starts at the noise, and both the herdsman's ears
Tingle with inward dread. Aghast, he eyes
The mountain's height, and all the ridges round,
Yet not one trace of living wight discerns;
Nor knows, o'erawed, and trembling as he stands,
To what, or whom, he owes his idle fear,
To ghost, to witch, to fairy, or to fiend;
But wonders, and no end of wondering finds"

Scottish Descriptive Poems, pp. 167, 168.

A posthumous miracle of Father Lesly, a Scottish capuchin, related to his being buried on a hill haunted by these unearthly cries of hounds and huntsmen. After his sainted reliques had been deposited there, the noise was never heard more. The reader will find this, and other miracles, recorded in the life of Father Bonaventura, which is written in the choicest Italian.

THE

WILD HUNTSMEN.

The Wildgrave winds his bugle horn,
To horse, to horse! halloo, halloo!
His fiery courser snuffs the morn,
And thronging serfs their lord pursue.

The eager pack, from couples freed,
Dash through the bush, the brier, the brake;
While answering hound, and horn, and steed,
The mountain echoes startling wake.

The beams of God's own hallowed day
Had painted yonder spire with gold,
And, calling sinful man to pray,
Loud, long, and deep the bell had tolled:

But still the Wildgrave onward rides;
Halloo, halloo! and, hark again!
When, spurring from opposing sides,
Two Stranger Horsemen join the train.

Who was each Stranger, left and right,
Well may I guess, but dare not tell;
The right-hand steed was silver white,
The left, the swarthy hue of hell.

The right-hand horseman, young and fair,
His smile was like the morn of May;
The left, from eye of tawny glare,
Shot midnight lightning's lurid ray.

He waved his huntsman's cap on high,
Cried, "Welcome, welcome, noble lord!
What sport can earth, or sea, or sky,
To match the princely chase afford?"—

"Cease thy loud bugle's clanging knell,"
Cried the fair youth, with silver voice;
"And for devotion's choral swell,
Exchange the rude unhallowed noise.

" To-day, the ill-omened chase forbear,
Yon bell yet summons to the fane;
To-day the Warning Spirit hear,
To-morrow thou may'st mourn in vain."—

" Away, and sweep the glades along!"
The Sable Hunter hoarse replies;
" To muttering monks leave matin-song,
And bells, and books, and mysteries."—

The Wildgrave spurred his ardent steed,
And, launching forward with a bound,
" Who, for thy drowsy priestlike rede,
Would leave the jovial horn and hound?

" Hence, if our manly sport offend!
With pious fools go chaunt and pray:—
Well hast thou spoke, my dark-browed friend;
Halloo, halloo! and, hark away!"—

The Wildgrave spurred his courser light,
O'er moss and moor, o'er holt and hill;
And on the left, and on the right,
Each Stranger Horseman followed still.

Up springs, from yonder tangled thorn,
A stag more white than mountain snow;
And louder rung the Wildgrave's horn,
"Hark forward, forward! holla, ho!"

A heedless wretch has crossed the way;
He gasps, the thundering hoofs below;—
But, live who can, or die who may,
Still, "Forward, forward!" on they go.

See, where yon simple fences meet,
A field with autumn's blessings crowned;
See, prostrate at the Wildgrave's feet,
A husbandman, with toil embrowned:

"O mercy, mercy, noble lord!
Spare the poor's pittance," was his cry,
"Earned by the sweat these brows have poured
In scorching hour of fierce July."—

Earnest the right-hand Stranger pleads,
The left still cheering to the prey;
The impetuous Earl no warning heeds,
But furious holds the onward way.

" Away, thou hound! so basely born,
Or dread the scourge's echoing blow!"
Then loudly rung his bugle horn,
" Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!"—

So said, so done:—A single bound
Clears the poor labourer's humble pale;
Wild follows man, and horse, and hound,
Like dark December's stormy gale.

And man, and horse, and hound, and horn,
Destructive sweep the field along;
While, joying o'er the wasted corn,
Fell Famine marks the maddening throng.

Again up-roused, the timorous prey
Scours moss, and moor, and holt, and hill;
Hard run, he feels his strength decay,
And trusts for life his simple skill.

Too dangerous, solitude appeared;
He seeks the shelter of the crowd;
Amid the flock's domestic herd
His harmless head he hopes to shroud.

O'er moss, and moor, and holt, and hill,
His track the steady blood-hounds trace;
O'er moss and moor, unwearied still,
The furious Earl pursues the chase.

Full lowly did the herdsman fall;—
"O spare, thou noble Baron, spare
These herds, a widow's little all;
These flocks, an orphan's fleecy care!"—

Earnest the right-hand Stranger pleads,
The left still cheering to the prey;
The Earl nor prayer nor pity heeds,
But furious keeps the onward way.

—"Unmannered dog! To stop my sport
Vain were thy cant and beggar whine,
Though human spirits, of thy sort,
Were tenants of these carrion kine!"—

Again he winds his bugle horn,
"Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!"
And through the herd, in ruthless scorn,
He cheers his furious hounds to go.

In heaps the throttled victims fall;
  Down sinks their mangled herdsman near;
The murderous cries the stag appal,—
  Again he starts, new-nerved by fear.

With blood besmeared, and white with foam,
  While big the tears of anguish pour,
He seeks, amid the forest's gloom,
  The humble hermit's hallowed bower.

But man, and horse, and horn, and hound,
  Fast rattling on his traces go;
The sacred chapel rung around
  With, "Hark away! and, holla, ho!"

All mild, amid the route profane,
  The holy hermit poured his prayer;—
"Forbear with blood God's house to stain;
  Revere his altar, and forbear!

"The meanest brute has rights to plead,
  Which, wronged by cruelty, or pride,
Draw vengeance on the ruthless head:
  Be warned at length, and turn aside."—

Still the Fair Horseman anxious pleads;
  The Black, wild whooping, points the prey:—
Alas! the Earl no warning heeds,
  But frantic keeps the forward way.

"Holy or not, or right or wrong,
  Thy altar, and its rites, I spurn;
Not sainted martyrs' sacred song,
  Not God himself shall make me turn!"

He spurs his horse, he winds his horn,
  "Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!"
But off, on whirlwind's pinions borne,
  The stag, the hut, the hermit, go.

And horse, and man, and horn, and hound,
  And clamour of the chase, was gone;
For hoofs, and howls, and bugle sound,
  A deadly silence reigned alone.

Wild gazed the affrighted Earl around;
  He strove in vain to wake his horn;
In vain to call; for not a sound
  Could from his anxious lips be borne.

He listens for his trusty hounds;
No distant baying reached his ears;
His courser, rooted to the ground,
The quickening spur unmindful bears.

Still dark and darker frown the shades,
Dark, as the darkness of the grave;
And not a sound the still invades,
Save what a distant torrent gave.

High o'er the sinner's humbled head
At length the solemn silence broke;
And, from a cloud of swarthy red,
The awful voice of thunder spoke.

"Oppressor of creation fair!
Apostate Spirit! hardened tool!
Scorner of God! Scourge of the poor!
The measure of thy cup is full.

"Be chased for ever through the wood;
For ever roam the affrighted wild;
And let thy fate instruct the proud,
God's meanest creature is his child."—

'Twas hushed: One flash, of sombre glare,
With yellow tinged the forests brown;
Up rose the Wildgrave's bristling hair,
And horror chilled each nerve and bone.

Cold poured the sweat in freezing rill;
A rising wind began to sing;
And louder, louder, louder still,
Brought storm and tempest on its wing.

Earth heard the call;—Her entrails rend;
From yawning rifts, with many a yell,
Mixed with sulphureous flames, ascend
The misbegotten dogs of hell.

What ghastly Huntsman next arose,
Well may I guess, but dare not tell;
His eye like midnight lightning glows,
His steed the swarthy hue of hell.

The Wildgrave flies o'er bush and thorn,
With many a shriek of helpless woe;
Behind him hound, and horse, and horn,
And, "Hark away, and holla ho!"

With wild despair averted eye,
Close, close behind, he marks the throng,
With bloody fang and eager cry.
In frantic fear he scours along.

Still, still shall last the dreadful chase,
Till time, the foe shall have no power;
By day, they scour earth's cavern'd space,
At midnight's witching hour, ascend.

This is the form, and hound, and horse,
That stir the hair of peasant boor,
Appall'd, he signs the frequent cross,
When the wild din invades his ear.

The sceptic, pour oft, drops a tear
For human pride, for human woe,
When at his midnight watch, he hears
The infernal cry, "Hallo, ho!"

THE ERL-KING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

It is necessary the Reader should be informed, that in the [illegible] of Danish superstition, certain mischievous Spirits are [illegible] to preside over the different Elements, and to punish [illegible] with conflicting sensations on Mind. One of these is called [illegible] Water-King, another the Fire-King, and a third the [illegible] King. The Queen of the present poem is the Fairy of [illegible] and Woods, who is supposed to dwell in the recesses of the [illegible] and delights to allure from the straightest traveller to [illegible] to the destruction.

[illegible] ride by night through the woodlands so [illegible]
[illegible] the fond Father with his Child.

"O father! see yonder! see yonder!" he says.
"My boy, upon what dost thou fearfully gaze?"
"O! 'tis the Erl-King, with his staff and his shroud!"
"No, my love! it is but a dark wreath of the cloud."

THE ERL-KING SPEAKS.

"O! will thou go with me, thou loveliest child?
By many gay sports shall thy hours be beguiled.
My mother keeps for thee full many a fair toy,
And many a fine flower shall she pluck for my boy."

"O father! my father! and did you not hear
The Erl-King whisper so close in my ear?"
"Be still, my beloved one! be still, my child, be at ease!
It was but the wild blast of it howled through the trees."

THE ERL-KING.

"O wilt thou go with me, thou loveliest boy?
My daughter shall tend thee with care and with joy.
She shall bear thee at night through wet and through wind,
And lull thee, and kiss thee, and sing to my child."

"O father! my father! and saw you not plain
The Erl-King's pale daughter glide past us amain?"
"Mine eye, my beloved one! mine eye, it did see
A grey willow that stirred in the breeze."

GOETHE'S BALLADS.

"Come with me, come with me, no longer delay!
Or else, sadly child, I will drag thee away."
"O father! O father! now, now, keep your hold!
The Erl-King has seized me—his grasp is so cold!"

Sore trembled the father; he spurred through the wild,
Keeping close to his bosom his shuddering child.
He reaches his dwelling in doubt and in dread;
But, clasped in his arms, the infant was dead!

SONGS

WAR SONGS

OF THE

ROYAL EDINBURGH LIGHT DRAGOONS.

The following War-Song was written during the apprehension of an invasion. The corps of volunteers, to which it was addressed, was raised in 1797, consisting of gentlemen, mounted and armed at their own expence, in all subjects for the Right Troop of the Royal Midlothian or Queen's Regiment of Cavalry, commanded by the Honourable Lieutenant-Colonel Dundas. The public and committee of contributors for arming freemen in defence of their own rights, was no where more successful than in Edinburgh, which established a force of 3000 armed and disciplined volunteers, including a Regiment of Cavalry, and one City and County, and two Corps of Artillery, capable of serving twelve guns. To which force, above all others, might, by similar circumstances, be applied the exhortation of our ancient philosophers: *Vegrada, ut sis acies, et majores pestes et plumbea corpora.*

WAR-SONG

OF THE

ROYAL EDINBURGH LIGHT DRAGOONS.

To horse! to horse! the standard flies,
The bugles sound the call;
The Gallic navy stems the seas,
The voice of battle's on the breeze,
Arouse ye, one and all!

From high Dunedin's towers we rolled,
A band of brothers true,
Our ensigns the leopard's spoils surround,
And Scotland's hardy thistle crowned,
We boast the red and blue.

The Royal Colours.

Though tamely crouch to Gallia's crown,
Dull Holland's tardy train;
Their ravish'd toys though Romans mourn,
Though gallant Switzers vainly spurn,
And, foaming, gnaw the chain;

O! had they mark'd the avenging call
Their brethren's murder gave,
Disdain ne'er their ranks had mown,
Nor patriot sabre, desperate grown,
Sought freedom in the grave!

Hurl we, too, 'gainst the stubborn head
Of Freedom's temple born,
Dress on pale cheek in timid scale,
To wait a master in our tale,
Or basely crouch a victor's train.

No, though destruction o'er the land
Come pouring as a flood,
Tho' sun, dire sight! roll lurking day,
Tho' mad our sabres' deadly sway,
And all one night in blood,

For gold let Gaul's despotic rule,
Or plunder's bloody gust,
Unbribed, unbought, our swords we draw,
To guard our king, to defend our law;
Nor shall their edge be vain.

If ever breath of British gale
Shall fan the invader's sail,
Or footstep of invader rude,
With ruthless foot, and red with blood,
Pollute our happy shores;

Then farewell home! and farewell friends!
Stern trumpet calls us hence!
Resolved, we mingle in the tide,
Where charging squadrons foremost ride,
To conquer, or to die.

To horse! to horse! the sabre's gleam
High sounds our hugle call!
Encouraged by Britannia's sacred name,
Oh, word to Britons dear!
March forward, one and all.

NOTE
ON
THE WAR SONG

THE

NORMAN HORSE-SHOE.

A Ballad.—The Welsh Account of the Siege of Glamorgan.

The Welch, inhabiting a mountainous country, and possessing only an inferior breed of horses, were usually unable to encounter the shock of the Anglo-Norman cavalry. Once, however, they were successful in repelling the assailers; and the following verses are supposed to celebrate the defeat of Owen, Earl of Hereford and Pembroke, and of Norman, the son of Clarence, Lord of Marcheiad and Glamorgan. Contrary to the stream which divides the counties of Monmouth and Glamorgan, Caerphilly, the scene of the supposed battle, is now more generally known by the name of Caer-cadon.

I.

WHO rows the forge in Burgud's Grove,
And hammers fire and sword sounds?
And sharpens spear with iron toil,
Each nappy a steed for battle's broil.

IV.

Old Chepstow's brides may curse the toll,
That armed slave Clare for Cambrian broil;
Their orphans long the art may rue,
For Neville's war-horse forged the shoe.
No more the storm of armed steed
Shall dint Glamorgan's velvet mead;
Nor trace be there, in wide expanse,
Save of the Baron's emerald dance.

THE
DYING BARD.

A new Welsh Ballad.

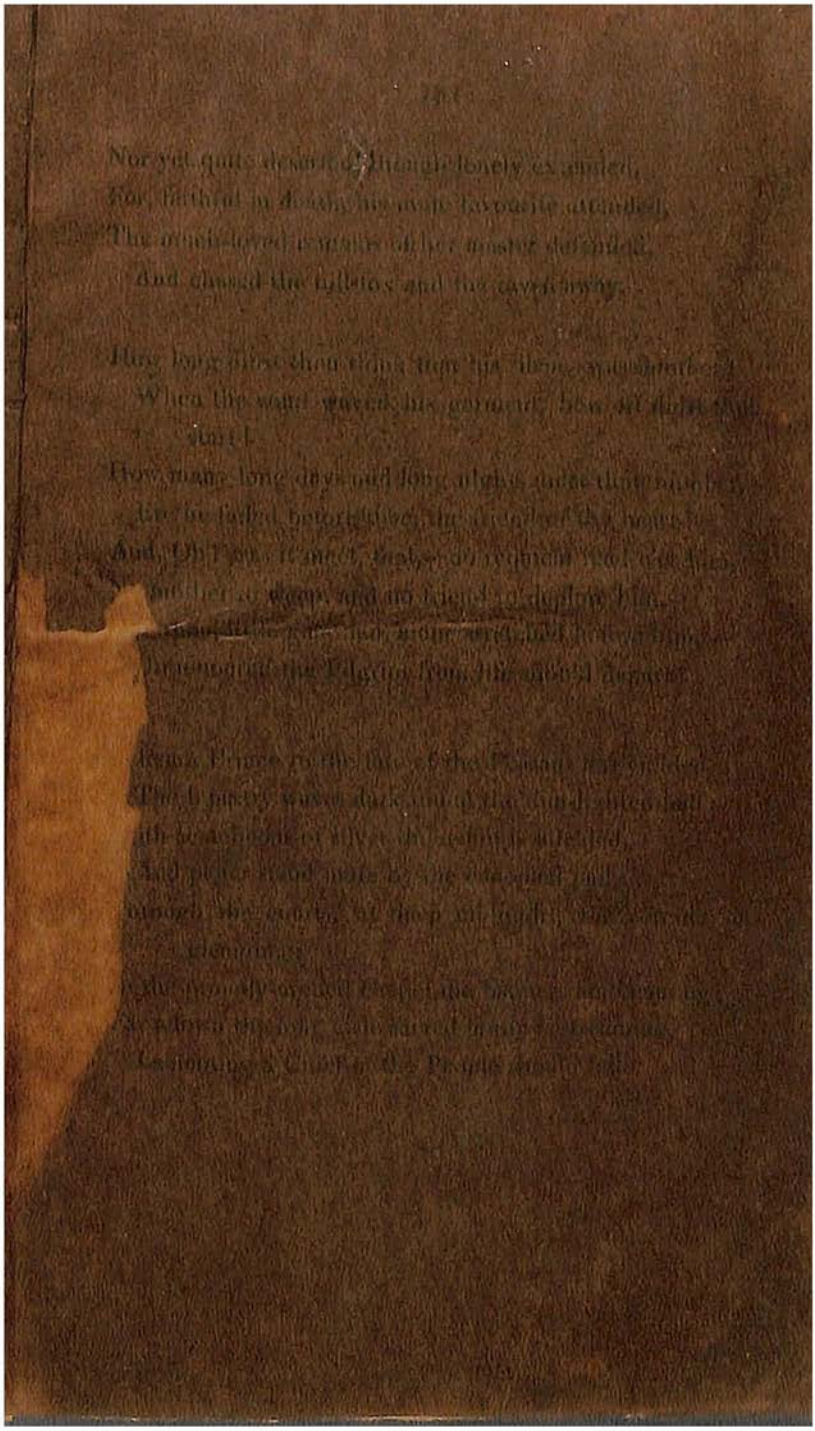
The Welsh tradition bears, that a Bard, on his death-bed, demanded his harp, and played the air to which these verses are adapted; expressing his desire to depart by the name of his Beloved.

I.

Dear Ceridwen, farewell! for the moment I sigh,
When leaving the woodlands these strains shall die
Away on the breeze: Then Cadwallon shall rave,
And sorrow the wild notes with the wild dashing wave!

II.

O Cerig and to mountain, thy shades of shade
Unbowed [illegible] shall flourish, unbounded shall fade
The [illegible] of thy [illegible] the rise and the fall,
Thou shalt weep with [illegible], with rapture shalt sing,



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